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CORRESPONDENCE

More on Sister Scabs

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: An article, ("Sister Scabs in the suburbs," by Sister Myra Stratton) in your May 17 issue dealt with social justice and charity. I am afraid that it did so at the expense of truth—a virtue which I would think also deserves some attention.

My basic disagreement with Sister Stratton is that she creates the impression that the Chicago Archdiocesan School Office has had no concern for social justice or for the parties involved in the difficulties at Elizabeth Seton High School, South Holland. Sister knows differently.

She knows that this office responded immediately to the union's request for a fact-finding team to investigate charges leveled against the administration. She also knows that the head of that team was Reverend Robert Reicher, a priest of the Archdiocese of Chicago, well known for his work in labor relations. Fr. Reicher and his team met with the teachers and administration several days before the strike began. It was their judgment that there was fault on both sides and, therefore, compromise was the only way to a just settlement. After the walkout took place, he continued to meet, almost daily for three weeks, suggesting ways in which the dispute would be settled equitably.

On April 7, Fr. Reicher told us that an impasse had been reached. The following day I wrote to the administration and union suggesting (on Fr. Reicher's advice) binding arbitration. When we received no response from the administration, Bishop McManus and I met with the school lawyer and administration representatives to urge that our recommendation for arbitration be accepted. The administration said that they had already recognized a faculty senate as the sole bargaining agent and that any further discussion would have to involve not only the union but also the senate. The union found this unacceptable.

At no time during the strike has the school office been unwilling to meet with either the administration or the union. Wherever possible, we have tried to find new avenues of solution. In the light of these facts, it is difficult for us to understand Sister Myra's allegations that the posture of the School Board has been one of "icy silence."

In cases where there are faults on both sides, it is impossible to prefer one side against the other. It is ironic that certain religious can insist on their own personal freedom from Archdiocesan control and at the same time demand that the Archdiocese resolve the problems of another religious community by fiat.

(REV.) THADDEUS J. O'BRIEN, O. CARM.
Associate Superintendent
Archdiocese of Chicago School Board

Reply

Chicago, Ill.

Letters of response to my article, "Sister Scabs in the Suburbs" [May 17], have been very positive in expressing concern and compassion for the teachers now nearing the 100th day of their strike to win recognition of a legitimately elected bargaining unit by the administration of Elizabeth Seton High School, South Holland Illinois. To *Commonweal* readers who gave moral and financial support to the teachers as a result of reading the article, I am most grateful.

Readers of *Commonweal* should know that Seton officials closed the school year with no redress of grievances, despite the fact that they were requested to agree to binding arbitration by both the Archdiocese of Chicago and the Chicago Federation of Labor—Industrial Union Council.

On May 24 the Chicago *Daily News* carried an article, headlined "Cody Policy: Hands Off Seton Dispute," the essence of which was that the Archdiocesan Office was relinquishing responsibility in the Seton strike. It is my opinion that at no point in this strike has the Archdiocese seriously carried out its responsibilities.

For Father Thaddeus O'Brien to contend that Father Reicher's "mediation" and "fact-finding" completes the obligation of the Archdiocese to its 13,000 teachers is absurd. For Father O'Brien to spend the bulk of his letter reciting a litany of Father Reicher's busy motions during the strike compounds the absurdity. The teachers of ATF are quite familiar with Father Reicher's actions toward ATF. (Father O'Brien is familiar with them, too). ATF has now received —three months late—Father Reicher's fact-finding report. We are not impressed. It is true that the Archdiocese felt "concern" (to use Father O'Brien's term) for the teachers. But the concern was that of the priest or the levite of the Samaritan story, a sad tongue-clicking which accomplishes not a thing.

The teachers of ATF want nothing less than to see their Archdiocesan offices stand on the spirit of our Church's own labor documents. The Archdiocese must show the teachers its sincere concern by following a policy of recognition and true collective bargaining as exemplified in organized labor—not company-union talk sessions. As long as the Archdiocese excuses itself from addressing its labor problems at an operative level, ATF can read nothing but "silence" in all the motions, preaching, fact-finding and mediation emanating from Archdiocesan officials.

To the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati who felt that I had neglected their past history and who sent me brochures to acquaint me with their work, I would like to say that I feel sure that Mother Seton would have been the first to protest the denial of a workingman's right, an American's right, and a right upheld by all the social encyclicals of the Church—from Leo XIII to the present—a right her community this spring denied the lay teachers at Elizabeth Seton High School.

To the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati who sent me a copy of Mother Omer's community letter dated May 18, and who added a postscript that they could not "in conscience" agree with Mother Omer, I would say that your public silence allows the travesty of your superior's injustice to continue, it further proves the union's contention that your Sisters are not free to act according to conscience in matters of grave importance. You attribute to me courage in speaking out in a just cause; I look upon your responsibility and mine rather as one of integrity. Ours are

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strange times, as the poet Yevtushenko says in his poem, "Talk": "How sharply our children will be ashamed/ taking at last their vengeance for these horrors/ remembering how in so strange a time/ common integrity could look like courage." SISTER MYRA STRATTON, B.V.M.

Family Planning

Merced, Calif.

To the Editors: In your editorial on coercion in family planning in India (May 31) you state that government policies imply what amounts to compulsory sterilization and go on to state that this violates an important human right. While I am not advocating compulsory sterilization, your use of the term "human right" does raise questions in my mind which perhaps some other reader can answer.

Does one, having entered into the married state, have an absolute right to procreate? Is this right unconditional regardless of inability to care for a child or unfitness to be a parent? Do these people in India have the right to bring into the world a human being destined to die of malnutrition at the age of three?

I know this is an emotional issue, and every time it is raised someone cries "Hitler" and reminds us that the Nazi regime did indeed unjustly sentence men and women to sterilization on racial or political grounds. But crying Hitler does not eliminate some profound questions. It seems that we are committed to upholding the right of people to have children but not so committed when it comes to protecting the rights of the children they have.

A recent newspaper article told the tragic tale of a little four-year-old girl beaten to death by a religious fanatic stepfather, allegedly to rid her of the Devil. Her mother apparently did nothing to protect the child. If this case follows the usual course, the mother will go free, perhaps after a period of treatment which may or may not solve her problems. Suppose her problems are not solved, suppose she is possessed of low mentality, is she to be allowed to produce another child to be tortured and

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THE MORAL AMERICANS

It is very much a part of the traditional American spirit that things need not be the way they are. What is bad can be corrected, what is broken can be fixed (or thrown out for a new model), what has gone astray can be set straight. It is a remarkable faith which has got us into trouble often enough when we tried to impose it in foreign affairs among peoples who, because of the misfortunes of history or ingrained cynicism about "human nature," are more fatalistic about the way things are. But at home our capacity for moral indignation before the *status quo* does not operate in a cultural vacuum. It is a part of the way the democratic process works here, and therefore it is invariably bound up with politics. We are seeing it operate now in the current presidential campaign.

It goes without saying that all the candidates are for change of some sort. It is a concomitant American tenet that things can always get better. Even a reactionary like Wallace, a conservative like Nixon and an unhappy old liberal like Humphrey saddled with the Administration's *status quo* feel obliged to announce that they will introduce change, some kind of change. Yet it is Eugene McCarthy and all his believers in the new politics who seem to have found *the* moral issue which can cut across party lines and traditional political loyalties and focus the desire for change, for a new broom to sweep clean. McCarthy's challenge to a war that dishonors us abroad and distracts us from pressing issues at home has touched a moral nerve deep in the American spirit. Nixon and Humphrey, as they try to justify or promise to intensify a war policy that is being repudiated by the people, increasingly on moral grounds, find themselves in the unenviable position of being on the wrong side of the moral fence. The sophisticated have often ridiculed Americans' preoccupation with morality; politicians ignore it at their peril.

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Mirror of A New Canada

The victory of the dark outsider, Pierre Trudeau, at the Liberal convention in April is now history, and so is the equally surprising election victory which made him the third French Canadian prime minister in the 101 years of Canada's life as a nation.

How Trudeau led his party from acceptance of defeat to one of the great victories in Canadian political history is a story that tells a great deal about the kind of nation Canada is in the process of becoming. Much publicity has been given to Trudeau's image, and, in a political tradition like the Canadian, which has produced too many laborious dullards, it is a stimulating and colorful image. But, despite the views of national pundit Marshall McLuhan, Canadians do not vote entirely on TV images. Trudeau has not, in fact, imposed himself on the people; he has provided, as John Diefenbaker did in the previous decade, a vehicle for the idea of themselves as a nation that is stirring today in the minds of Canadians. He continues the work begun by Expo a year ago, the work of self-revelation by which Canadians are beginning to see themselves, no longer as good gray people in a stark gray land, growing in the overwhelming shadows of France, Britain and the United States, but rather as a people capable of originality, adventurous, radical-minded, open to the future. True, the adventurousness is tempered by caution; the radicalism conceals—as with Diefenbaker—a lingering conservatism; Canadians even in their enthusiasms are still eminently sensible. But the image for the moment is one of liberation, and especially of youth.

It was the votes of the young, of the under-40's, which gave the impetus that carried Trudeau, a youthful 49, up over the weir into power. The election was outstanding for the number of young candidates and younger canvassers. In this constituency of youth, solid Bob Stanfield looked merely stolid, and T. C. Douglas' socialist pronouncements belonged to an antediluvium before the downfall of the British welfare state. But older people also supported Trudeau, and among them many who in the past decade had been so distressed by Canadian fractional politics and by the inadequacies of minority governments that they had even ceased to vote. They were brought back largely by a new political polarization which was becoming evident even before the advent of Trudeau.

The first concrete sign of this tendency was a closing of ranks on the right. Early in 1967 E. C. Manning, Social Credit premier of Alberta and a power in the West, published a book entitled *Political Realignment: A Challenge to Thoughtful Canadians*, in which he argued that the time had come to end fractional politics and re-establish two great parties of the right and left which would offer Canadians a clear choice of alternatives. He called on his Social Credit followers to join the Conservatives in an alliance of the right. Robert Thompson, national leader of the Social Credit Party, heeded the call, as did most of his Albertan followers, and joined the Conservative party, with the result that Alberta was the western province where the Liberals were the least successful.

The consolidation on the left was not so dramatic, since there was no major New Democrat breakaway to the Liberals, but in Toronto and Vancouver many intellectuals who had formerly voted New Democrat were active in the campaign to draft Trudeau for the Liberal leadership, and many of the half million votes the Liberals gained above their 1965 election score came from radicals disillusioned with the doctrinaire inflexibility of T. C. Douglas' outdated socialism. Old Left and New Radicals alike contributed many votes to Trudeau's triumph.

But perhaps the most important factor in his victory was a general realization of the urgent crisis in Canadian unity. If Quebec withdrew from Confederation, it would probably mean the end of Canada. British Columbia's latent separatism would re-emerge in a movement to create a prosperous and independent Pacific state. The rest of English Canada, geographically split by an independent Quebec into Atlantic-facing Maritimes and the continental bloc of Ontario and the prairies, would find it hard to resist absorption into the United States. English Canadians were appalled by the prospect, and so, judging from their vote, were many French Canadians, aware at last of the economic perils of separation. To both sides it appeared that a French Canadian with an open mind and a fresh approach might be the last chance for Canadian unity.

Trudeau is now in power, with a secure majority, and with his close ally, Mitchell Sharp, now Minister for External Affairs, he will run a tightly disciplined Cabinet. The civil servants will have less power than they enjoyed in a minority government, and Ottawa will probably become rather more efficient. But how much will policy change? Here Trudeau still remains very much the untested stranger.

He is committed to solving the differences between Anglophones and Francophones without granting special status to Quebec, and it will be interesting to watch how he accomplishes this act of political acrobatics. He is also committed to revising the penal code so as to bring Canadian laws on homosexuality, abortion and contraceptives in line with the liberalized legislation now operating in Britain.

How much farther than this he will go in radical legislation is hard to foresee. He has stated that the forthcoming medicare program will be the last step forward

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in social welfare for a long time ahead. He does not favor tax changes aimed at squeezing the rich, or measures to curb foreign ownership of Canadian corporations. He appears to favor recognition of Communist China and the withdrawal of Canadian forces from Europe, but refuses to commit himself on the controversial issue of Vietnam.

If Trudeau disappoints his more idealistic constituents, who will call him to order? It is a curious fact of this election that, despite its radical overtones, most of the real progressives in all parties were beaten by untried newcomers. The spectacular majority rode into power as Trudeau's men even more than as Liberals, and in most cases they will be too conscious of their debt to his magnetism to rebel. Parliament is likely to become a voting machine, and whether the machine is well-used depends on Trudeau. For good or ill, Canada can look forward to five years and probably ten of one-man rule which in style may be much nearer to the American presidential than to the traditional Canadian parliamentary model. And style, rather than program, is the essence of Trudeau, the politician who hates to promise.

GEORGE WOODCOCK

(George Woodcock is the author of several books, most recently, The Crystal Spirit *(Little, Brown), a study of George Orwell.)*

Catholic Editors Cautioned in Berlin

Eleven years ago the World Congress of the Catholic press met in Vienna at a crucial turning point of history, missed the road signs of new directions, and continued down the wearing ways of traditional journalism. A similar mistake may have been made at the eighth World Congress of the International Catholic Union of the Press, which was held here in Berlin during the Fourth of July week.

In 1957 in Vienna the challenge was coexistence with a Communism just beginning to show dispositions toward meaningful cooperation with social and political forces beyond its orbit. Delegates to that convention spoke of Communism in soft tones and with cushioning phrases, but between the lines attitudes were hard and fixed. If it occurred to many to wonder whether the day for intransigence was not about done, the thought was quickly dispelled when the delegates moved from Vienna to Rome for the second World Congress of the Lay Apostolate and heard Pius XII declare: "Christ's Church has no intention of ceding ground to its declared enemy, atheistic Communism, without putting up a fight. This battle will be fought to the bitter end with the weapons of Christ." Thus was the Catholic press re-cast in the mold of anti-Communism at a moment when flexibility was most definitely in order.

In 1968 the issues are quite different, but the challenges no less formidable. They are religious and theological rather than socio-political, and they center about Church renewal and the nature of belief. But though the times, as *Osservatore Romano's* Raimondo Manzini pointed out, are dominated "by the law of acceleration, and customs and situations change with unpredictable rapidity," the impulse at the World Congress of the Catholic press was to talk as though events were in orderly evolution and manageable by the old rules of logic, discipline and practice. Hence, heavy emphasis on the documents of Vatican II, with blissful lack of recognition that events have swept the Church beyond the letter of the decrees into the fullness of their implications; and emphasis, too, on papal authority, not as guide or inspiration, but as haven against currents that carry away the comfortable controls that have been the Church's since Trent.

The pleas for papal authority came strongest from Manzini, who quoted at length Pope Paul's "renewal, yes; arbitrary change, no" talk. (The English text maladroitly translated Manzini's description of the talk as "one of the many . . . effusions of Paul VI.") Manzini's essential message was that the "doctrinal and disciplinary stronghold [of the magisterium] must not be shaken, it must not be challenged." Franz Cardinal König of Vienna was somewhat subtler, but firm nonetheless. After some cogent (if belabored) criticism of the Council decree on communications—a tactic some thought to dispose him well with his audience—König lectured delegates on the "wave of negation" which the world is experiencing, and advised against "getting out of touch with the Church." Then he became blunt. "Journalists are not appointed as sole judges of the Church," he declared. "It would be no happy circumstance if 'clerocracy' were to be exchanged for 'journalistocracy.'" So that the point could not possibly be missed, Pope Paul dwelt on it in his greeting to the Congress, citing the "burden of responsibility . . . carried by him who darkened the light in the hearts of the faithful, caused doubt and uncertainty, and jeopardized the loyalty of the faith."

These quotes make the Congress sound hopelessly negative. Actually, there was much that was positive and stimulating about the Congress business and in many of the Congress addresses, including, in all fairness, Cardinal König's, particularly as he outlined to laity their "duty" to fight the "shortcomings of the Church." However, challenges such as that tended to get lost in the welter of cautions, so that the tone of the Congress overall was markedly defensive. With a new era opening up within the Church, the response mustered at the eighth World Congress of the Catholic Union of the Press was hardly different from that of Dec. 8, 1965, the close of

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Vatican II—which would be fine, if that date were a freezing point of history. For better or for worse, it was only a launching date; in a handful of years the Church has moved faster and farther than it did in several centuries. In many cases, the movement has been against both will and judgment, but it has occurred nevertheless. The problem with the Catholic press, as the Berlin Congress confirmed, is that the Catholic press as a unit seems both unready for the full adventure of these developing times and too disposed to be restrained by those whom the adventure scares.

A good example of this was the fate of a workshop session which was to have dealt with the theme, "Information regarding the Church and freedom of expression in the Church after the Council." A report had been drawn up by Father Antonio G. Molina, S.J., of Paris, based on a questionnaire sent beforehand to Congress delegates in several countries. Among its comments, the report stated that "the Catholic press makes its way and progress thanks to small victories obtained over the hierarchy; these one defends up to the last cartridge. The journalists who received their baptism of fire during the first sessions of Vatican Council II are trained to this 'guerrilla' struggle which continues, with honorable exceptions, 'Urbi et Orbi,' that is, in Rome and out of Rome." Not surprisingly, Manzini and the Vatican's press director, Msgr. Fausto Vallainc, sat in on this workshop and they were instrumental in helping sidetrack the report in favor of discussion of a meritorious but far less provocative 10-point program for freedom of information within the Church drawn up by the late Father Emile Gabel. Molina was told afterwards that his report was "revolutionary in character." The French delegation and two members from the American delegation protested the fate of the Molina report, but without avail. The Congress was playing cautious.

The power play against the Molina report was blatant, but the Congress was arranged safely enough so that it was the only one necessary. Otherwise the Congress was as smooth as West Berlin's hospitality.

If a final point of criticism were to be made of the Congress, it was the lack of realism with which counselors of and spokesmen for the Catholic press idealized the medium and fixed its importance. "Catholic journalism," said Manzini, "is today the instrument of mediation between the Church and the world, the world and the Church." "The Catholic press," said König, "will, in the expiring twentieth-century, be a press through which Catholics, together with the Church, will speak far beyond their own sphere to *all* men." The words sound grand, but they do not fit the facts. The official Church has so frittered away the interest and enthusiasms with which it came out of Vatican II that the Catholic press is having difficulty speaking these days to its "own"; fewer and fewer are willing to listen. It would seem that before sights are set on mediating the world and speaking to *all* men, some little thought ought to be given to the problem of the Catholic press talking to Catholics in a manner that will make them anxious to hear. The Catholic press suffers from a bad case of reader lethargy, and, as evidenced in Berlin, those in positions to change the situation are dozing on the opium of contentment.

JOHN DEEDY

The New Politics as Vocation

Despite the assassinations of King and Kennedy and the predictions that Nixon and Humphrey have wrapped up the nominations, believers in the new politics of participation and its challenge to the old politics of brokerage refuse to give up. After the debacle of the National Conference for a New Politics in Chicago in August 1967, the more serious and less utopian elements of the new left movements have broken with self-styled guerrillas and revolutionists to join with the new liberalism articulated by Eugene McCarthy and Allard Lowenstein. They are trying to change the character and structure of American politics from a closed shop ruled by the politicos to an open forum responsive to the people. Their determination was symbolized by Lowenstein's convocation of a "Coalition for an Open Convention" and McCarthy's "Speak-Out," held in Chicago on the last weekend in June.

What makes the new politics vital is the degree to which its practitioners accept an obligation to the body politic as a *vocation* that transcends any particular candidacies and parties, fixed goals and limited commitments. This theme of vocation underscored the "Coalition for an Open Convention" and the informal alliances now being solidified by Kennedy as well as McCarthy supporters, students and minorities, the urban reform clubs of the East and West and the suburban and rural insurgents of the Middle-West.

Overcoming an initial lack of orientation and factionalism through a series of plenaries and caucuses, the "Coalition for an Open Convention" provided an umbrella or tent under which a *modus operandi* was arrived at. The happy medium was a quasi-syndicalist structure which let each group devolve upon its own resolutions and strategies but nominate two delegates each to a national committee which is to co-ordinate the various approaches (petitions, marches, delegate lobbies and "fourth party" options), all under the rubric of a call for an open Democratic convention.

The new liberal "threat to bolt" the party is *not* a petulant ultimatum as Hubert Humphrey charges. The criteria of an open convention have been carefully de-

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fined: proportional representation according to primary votes; racial integration of delegations; suspension or abolition of "unit rule" voting by which a few boss-disciplined delegations might hand the nomination to Humphrey. In this new stage of the new politics, it is not the intention to be merely negative, anti-Humphrey or disruptive, but to state the case positively as the Democratic Party living up to the traditions of Jefferson, Jackson, Wilson, and Franklin Roosevelt.

It is rumored that Eugene McCarthy may declare that all convention delegates, including those pledged to him, should be bound only by individual conscience and constituents, and call upon Humphrey to join in such a statement of principle. If a closed convention picks Humphrey or any other candidate of the Johnson Administration, the new politics people are prepared to reconsider the two-party system, form a new party, and approach men like McCarthy, Rockefeller and Lindsay for leadership. They argue that a Nixon-Humphrey-Wallace choice amounts to disfranchisement and constitutes just cause for a fourth alternative.

Set against this background, the Socialist Party convention, held in Chicago's Midland Hotel, July 5-7, was less an anachronism than an anomaly. Its elder statesman, Norman Thomas, and its new chairman, Michael Harrington, have been identified with the candidacies and causes of the dissident Democrats; nevertheless, at the convention, the old left turned back representatives of the new politics, who ranged from McCarthy supporters to David McReynold's "Peace and Freedom" group, and adopted a tepid platform which equivocated on the Cold War and Labor, union discrimination and Humphreyism. Older Socialist Party members who want to "live with" the AFL-CIO Executive Council and the Democratic National Committee were challenged by the minority reports presented by Saul Mendelson (a McCarthy worker and ADAer); the minority excoriated union exclusion of blacks, the Lovestone-Meany line on Vietnam, and urged that Socialist Party members and leaders unite with the "direct action," independent politics of the new left and new liberalism. But the challenge failed. The old-liners defeated the minority's amendment by three-to-two margins and elected a majority on the National Committee.

At this stage, then, the Socialist Party is veering more toward Hubert Humphrey and Gus Tyler than toward Gene McCarthy and the new politics. Perhaps this is because the majority of the Party's members have a prior vocation in labor-connected and union-financed organizations—an inadvertent validation of the Marxian observation that ideology is a fringe benefit of one's wage relationships.

So far, the trouble with the McCarthy candidacy, however, has not been the entrenchment of old politicos and the old left. Rather, the soft underbelly of the campaign is misorganization from within. After the "Speak-Out," one prominent Chicago columnist who supports McCarthy devoted a whole column to the ineptitudes of the "under-30" staffers in handling press relations. It seems that a promised interview with the candidate had never been arranged. Recently, too, there have been staff purges in several states, particularly Illinois and Missouri, of the sort that aren't supposed to happen in the new politics. These things cannot be attributed to generational or national-local conflicts or to the relaxed candidate image of McCarthy. Instead, the fault has been a lack of clear lines of communication and direction that has afflicted the campaign from its inception. Still, there are now possibilities that McCarthy's drive may be more effectively channeled by men like Stephen Mitchell, the former Democratic National Chairman, who is working on delegate lobbies. Even then, the best advantage of the open convention appeal may be the neglect and resentment felt by state and local Democrats toward the imperious and feudal methods of the Johnson-Humphrey bosses during the last four years. But that soft underbelly, which sometimes makes the new politics look like the older animal, requires swift remedial attention. JOHN J. QUIRK

(John J. Quirk, a free-lance writer living in Chicago, is a frequent contributor on political and artistic subjects.)

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LAYMEN MEET IN CHICAGO

LAST LOOK OR FIRST HOPE?

On the very day that the Pope declared that the bones discovered under the Basilica had been identified, to his satisfaction, as those of St. Peter, and a few days before the Pope appointed a commission to reconsider the heresy of Galileo, the National Association of Laymen met in Chicago to talk about the realities of Christian lay action in the world and whether it was still possible to perform such action within the walls of the institutional church. The high point of the convention—a meeting which in two years has gone from a registration of 237 to just under a thousand this year—was a debate between Charles Davis and Fr. John L. McKenzie concerning the relevance of the Church to the modern world.

Twenty-four hundred tickets had been sold to the debate. It was held up almost an hour by a shortage of seats in the huge ballroom of the Palmer House and by the fury of the crowd still outside clamoring to get in. Only when some officials and press had relinquished their seats,

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and the proceedings were piped into another room, could the debate begin.

The extraordinary attendance (someone said to me: "Ten years ago you couldn't have sold fifty tickets to a discussion of the Church by theologians") was variously interpreted. Davis himself wondered aloud if, indeed, *his* presence didn't account for it. Clearly a great many persons, among them a high percentage of religious and priests, had come to have their own doubts vocalized and to hear, if possible, equally forceful rejection of them. John Bannon, chairman of the convention, said he thought many were there to have "a last look, to see if there is any hope," and to Fr. McKenzie the audience was itself a demonstration of the continuing development of the Church. To still others it was a sign of interest and support, in the Church and out, and for courageous voices. Only that day Archbishop Robert E. Lucey's "private letter" to his priests' senate had been published, in which he had termed Father McKenzie's views on authority in the Church as "obvious heresy."

The debate itself was, on the whole, unimpassioned and forthright, honest and graceful. Both men spoke out of clear respect for each other, for the truth as they saw it, and for the seriousness of the subject at hand. Davis, who spoke first, had a carefully prepared statement of his thinking. Fr. McKenzie followed, *ex tempore,* in the tone of good-humored counter-attack. Each was then given five minutes of rebuttal.

Davis' points were strongly sociological. Using a definition of "church" from a 1966 statement of Paul VI ("Thus the Church is precisely a juridical, organized, visible perfect society"), he held that this was theologically faulty as well as sociologically significant, that the Church was indeed at present a social reality, a powerful social collectivity which is "now in a state of unusual turmoil, the outcome of which is still uncertain." It is this social reality he has left, Davis said. And his departure was based upon "the conviction I reached . . . that the present corruption of the Roman Church in regard to truth, love and hope was due to the obstinate imposition of an obsolete structure, which, contradicting the consciousness of contemporary Christians, was seriously impeding and distorting the Christian life and activity of Church members."

Davis saw no hope in "the appeal to development" of the optimists, an appeal he termed "an ideological evasion," and was optimistic only for what Gregory Baum has called movement rather than structure in the Church, a "ceasing to be a society with a clearly defined membership and becoming a movement without visible boundaries . . . movement not society should be the sociological model for the Church." Under this definition Davis said he had *not* left the Church of Christ if it is considered "a community of meaning and action"—the phraseology he gave it in his recent book. Despite his "creative disaffiliation," he still recognized, he said, his continuing unity with Roman Catholics if "church" is defined in this way, for "there is much in the distinctive Roman tradition I am convinced should be preserved. If my unity with them [Catholics] does not find Eucharistic expression, it is because of the restrictions they impose, not I."

Fossilized Structure

Fr. McKenzie's remarks were more personal, and from the point of view of emotive appeal, highly effective. His method was to give all the critical grounds Davis demanded ("I grant its fossilized structure") while still not surrendering the castle. He said the Church could not claim any more credibility than Christ himself, that dabbling in Church history leaves one with more doubt about its credibility than if one had not done it. He asserted his continuing "hope of developing in the Church . . . its capacity to develop," because despite all its most unlovable traits his faith in it was indestructible. "I really have no other place to go," he said at one point, and "I would like the Church to be as tolerant of my failures as I am of it."

He supplied a graphic image of the Church, a glacier which was now being moved by the antediluvian method of lighting matches under it. His faith was that enough matches would move it; eventually it would melt but, he concluded ruefully, a great many fingers would be burned in the process. He appealed for loyalty to an institution whose "genius and demon" was its capacity to adapt a structure to its pragmatic needs, loyalty to an institution which he saw not solely as a sociological entity with all the possibilities of such an entity for corruption.

Davis responded with the observation that he thought this loyalty "suicide . . . the Church is truth or it is nothing." One cannot cooperate with corruption, he said, and went on to emphasize that he was not himself opposed to structures, only to the absolutizing of them.

Questions that followed were almost unanimously directed to Davis. Some were defensive: the tone was that of how-can-it-possibly-be-better-outside-the-structure-than inside? What about alienation from the sacramental Church? Fr. McKenzie confessed to feeling somewhat left out when at last a question was directed to him. His reply to the query: if you felt there were doctrinal barriers to development would you still stay in the Church? was that

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* is again appearing on alternate weeks during July-September. Forthcoming issues will be dated August 9, August 23, September 6 and September 20. From then on, we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

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he placed less importance on doctrine than Davis did. To him the Church was not a body of doctrine.

There was, clearly no winner of the debate. The two men, the one a youthful-looking red-bearded, serious layman who was once a leading British theologian within the fold, and the other a gray-haired, humorous, undefensive theologian still "being kept," as he put it, reminded me of two obstetricians looking at a newly-born, badly malformed baby. Carefully cataloguing all its defects, its bodily corruptions, its unsuitability for life in the world, Davis would have advised immediate destruction of the infant; McKenzie, picking it up in all its unlovableness, all its ugliness, would have comforted it, advised saving it, and said: "But it's *human*!" It was, all in all, a most provocative evening. Long after it was over, in hotel rooms all over the Palmer House, the issues were argued.

It would be unbalanced to report that the work of the NAL convention culminated with the debate, and then declined. On the contrary, the workshops and sessions proved the maturity of the year-old group, its determination to abandon fruitless railing against the hierarchy in the interests of genuine social and ecclesiastical involvement. There was serious talk about Catholic education, and conclusions that adult religious education must have priority-claim upon the financial resources of the Church. An objective, professional study of the existing educational plant, in every diocese, was recommended, and a moratorium on further school building until this is done.

There was most serious talk about the recognition of white racism in America, especially from members of the Black Catholic Clergy Caucus which had met earlier this year in Detroit. From this session came resolutions supporting black power, the guaranteed annual income, education of white America in minority-group cultures, Caesar Chavez and the UFWOC boycott of California grapes. There was also serious talk about war and peace, and determination (if lapel buttons were to be believed this was the deepest concern of the members of the convention, except for the election of Eugene McCarthy, the Poor People's March, and the support of Cleveland NOW) that stockpiling of nuclear weapons and the war in Vietnam should cease, together with all American military intervention around the world, and that grounds of conscience be recognized for refusal of military service.

All was not nitty-gritty; there was a heartening series of get-togethers of representatives from experimental communities from all over the country, about thirty of them at one hotel-room session. Here the talk was of what is needed for a full Christian community, of the human need to celebrate, of their efforts to give witness to Christ, of the human occasions on which persons are open to each other. There was the somewhat clerical intrusion upon strictly lay matters of Bob Duggan and Fr. Alfred McBride who spoke of the work of the National Association for Pastoral Renewal to the largest single session. Father McBride brought the full force of his rather purple rhetoric to bear upon the hopeful future of the priesthood and the liturgy, and urged the furtherance of domestic liturgy together with the public church liturgy.

At the last, because of lack of agreement about the form of the preamble to the resolutions, the convention adjourned without taking formal action on the resolutions. It didn't matter. The tone and determination of the convention were clear. Lay power, lay self-determination, were to be the preeminent concern of NAL in the year to come. NAL adjourned just as some other conventions, the American Accordionists Association and the Recreation Vehicle Institute (Trailer salesmen) were leaving, too, to return to the more hostile, less festive atmosphere of the real world.

DORIS GRUMBACH

(Doris Grumbach, a frequent contributor, is the author of The Company She Kept, *a study of Mary McCarthy.)*

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

GNOSTIC EXPECTATIONS

There is an important difference between revolution in the Third World and the revolutionary ideas and potentialities of Western Europe and the United States today. The Asian, North African and Latin American revolutions of recent years have all been directed to reasonable and practical goals. The doctrines of Fanon and Guevara envisage changes which can be named and might be accomplished. Expel foreign control—or foreigners. Overturn despotic, oligarchic, or incompetent governments. Redistribute national wealth. Redirect national energy into social reform. Gain power and wealth by industrializing. Enfranchise the masses. The Cuban revolution, the Algerian, the NLF in Vietnam, Ataturk's military rebels a half century ago—and for that matter such Balkan revolutionary movements as Serbian Marxism and Romanian Fascism in the 1930's and the Yugoslav Partisans of the 1940's—all had in common some fairly simple and direct motivations and goals, whatever the ideological rationalizations or motives each may also have had.

That Third World movements have also tapped irrational forces is true enough. Typically the leaders are urban intellectuals or a military intelligentsia, influenced by foreign ideas and trends. When they have succeeded

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in invoking peasant support, a mass movement—and certainly when the mass movement has been largely spontaneous, as in such 19th century peasant revolts as the Sepoy and Boxer rebellions—xenophobia has come into play. Irrational violence has outstripped or even suppressed the practical rationales, or rationalizations, of the rebellion, evoked by the social and cultural crisis caused by colonialism and the intrusion of foreign power and ideas. No revolution which is a mass revolution—a genuinely popular upheaval rather than a coup d'état by members of an elite—is wholly rational in its impulses or workings. But these revolutions, like the prototypical European revolutions in France in 1789 and Russia in 1917—were reasonably provoked and sought changes which were both possible of achievement and plausibly —reasonably—adapted to remedying the provocations. That the experience of revolution, of unleashed violence, of zealot or millennial doctrines, infected the process (or outcome) of the revolution with irrationality is, in this respect, beside the point.

In the modern West we have experienced another kind of revolutionary unrest. This is provoked by causes which are not so easily or convincingly identified. Abuses, exploitation, cruelties clearly exist, but it is impossible to give them a single cause. The individual injustices are not the real source of unrest. They are sensed as part of a larger and anonymous combination of power which inevitably produces oppression and which is at its most pernicious when it is seemingly most benevolent. Oppression and liberalism are identified: the one the "smiling mask" of the other.

The character of popular unrest is more often moral than material. It is not only that people may lack jobs, or may be the victims of inflation, or that class or racial oppression exists, or the disruptions of war, as that people feel themselves morally displaced within the national community. They feel themselves adrift within social structures with which they experience no strong or meaningful relationship. The established society itself seems discredited in its crucial values, wounded. At the same time the men who hold economic and political power may be aware of these social ruptures yet find nothing that they can do within the established system which really seems able to make a serious difference.

In this situation the people who make—or tolerate—revolution are looking for changes which they themselves cannot clearly specify. They do not know precisely what will bring real change. In so far as their distress is moral, they want moral revolution. What can this mean? A commitment to leaders and symbols with strength and assurance—even if the purposes are unclear? A new sense of identity achieved by political commitment—or by action itself? Or which is provided by recasting or reasserting national values in a way which seems to make the nation, the society, once again important in the world, valued, morally supreme? An alignment with the supposed future, a role as vanguard nation or movement?

I am describing some of the characteristics of the Nazi and Fascist revolutions in Germany and Italy, but of course I am doing so in a way which emphasizes parallels which seem to me to exist in the present situation. To accuse the New Left of "fascism" in its use of violence ("against things") and its calculated provocation of authority has become something of a polemical tactic. I am not interested in that; the moral differences are manifest. I do think that there are social parallels to be found between the sources of the fascist revolts and in the sources of today's radical discontent, and that there is an important political parallel between past and present in the fact that the "revolutionary" leadership, now as then, has no clear or practical program of reforms but relies chiefly on the cathartic and "liberating" power of action (and violence) itself. Revolution itself is sought; not revolution for purposes which can be given a convincing and practical description.

It is true that the act of revolution is itself important, and that if the New Left does not know where it is going neither—as Cohn-Bendit has remarked—does Lyndon Johnson or Harold Wilson. But Johnson and Wilson at least know where they are, and what they (as conservatives) want to conserve. Revolutionary action for the sake of action partakes of political narcissism.

It is narcissism when the potentialities of life are mistaken for facts, or asserted to be facts. Eric Voegelin has argued that modern Western society has been a victim of Gnostic imaginings. Secular salvation has implicitly, if not explicitly, been held to be possible, even imminent. The constructive outcome of this has been the restless and boundlessly confident reformism of the modern West—and certainly of modern America. But when this confidence in society's perfectibility involves an imbecilic defiance of historical predicament and contradiction, disillusionment can result in moral crisis. "Revolution" in that case, or revolutionism, can be a vengeful blaming of men and institutions for the gap suddenly apparent between reality and our Gnostic imaginings and expectations.

It seems a persisting problem in modern urban and technological society. The very dynamism, the Faustianism, of modern society, unbelievably powerful in administrative and organizational technique as well as in science and technology, stimulates impossible ambitions which the persisting evils of human behavior and history appear to defy. We are then tempted to turn violently upon ourselves, seeking purgative relief from the contradictions of our condition. It is this that provides the greatest parallel between what happened in Europe a half-century ago and some of the events, tensions and movements of today. Then, as now, "revolution" reacts against reality by claiming an unattainable, even unhuman, liberation.

WILLIAM PFAFF

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FRENCH REVOLUTION 1968

"A turning point in history where history failed to turn"

PETER STEINFELS

The North American delegation proposed to the 1889 Paris Congress of the Second Socialist International that the first day of May be a self-established workers' holiday dedicated to the dignity of the laboring man and the necessity of shorter working hours. The custom was gradually established by the instrument of strike and riot. In the France of 1968, this festival had lost something of its earlier intensity; it had largely assumed the tone of the numerous First Communion celebrations which also mark the French spring. For the first time in several years, the Communist Party and the Communist *Confédération Générale du Travail* (CGT) duly received permission to sponsor marches in Paris and the provinces.

Montaigne had advised monarchs to keep handy a distant war for absorbing the passions of the youth; de Gaulle had improved on the formula: a war he did not wage himself, but which still kept the youth busy pasting posters on the walls of Paris, marching from the Place de la République to the Place de la Bastille, and collecting money for medical supplies. A war in which de Gaulle, blessing the negotiations opening in Paris, alone appeared the victor. If the anti-war activity spawned revolutionary enthusiasm, observers marked it down as compensation for the very dull, very sensible political stability of France itself.

The only real blot on the Happy Kingdom was at Nanterre, a newly constructed branch of the University of Paris where the cold modernity of physical structures both contrasted and finally jelled with the cold archaicness of the French university's intellectual structures. The agitation at Nanterre had begun in the fall, and, one of the central issues being dormitory rules against visits by the opposite sex, French writers could mock the pettiness of Gallic studentry in comparison with the rebels of Latin America or Eastern Europe. Committees were formed. Committees proved helpless. Some liberalization did indeed take place, but a student minority became convinced that "dialogue" and liberalization were only tactics of the *status quo,* leading to the absorption and integration of fundamental criticism. Students in the social sciences felt their disciplines were being annexed to a form of liberal, managed capitalism, used to oil the economic machinery and bandage social conflicts while distracting (or even mystifying) attention from any general challenge to the system itself. They hoped "to enlighten the students on the social function of the university." Their methods included traditional discussions, tracts, speeches—and outright provocation.

The quarrels of Nanterre are now prehistory, shrouded in obscurity and myth. Classes were disrupted, obscenities scrawled on walls. Did the radical movement, as some Nanterre students and professors attest, create an atmosphere of terror on the campus? Is it true that a large proportion of the faculty agitated for calling the cops from the first sign of student dissent? Did the various groups on the Left—Castroites, Maoists, Trotskyites, etc. —escalate the conflict by outbidding one another in denunciations? The answer can only be: probably.

Spring at Nanterre opened with an occupation of the administration offices. The students baptized themselves the 22nd of March Movement. *"Enragés,"* declared the Minister of Education.

The *"enragés"* had France puzzled, uneasy, irritated. The Communists rained anathemas on the pro-Chinese or pro-Castro students. *"Groupuscules"*—tiny groups—

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became the preferred term of contempt in *L'Humanité*, the party paper. The students called the Dean a Nazi. In fact, the Dean was a Resistance hero who had been tortured by the Gestapo. I listened to one left-wing intellectual, and member of the Resistance, discuss Nanterre; he sympathized with much of the student critique but he kept returning to the insults to the Dean. A sore tooth he had to keep nudging. Generation gap.

Still, the *"enragés"* were a fringe. A handful of troublemakers. A good police beating and they'd be back in line. With exams approaching, no one will follow them. This was the recommendation of a sociologist attached to the Ministry of Education.

The Communist Party was of similar opinion. It refused the student groups permission to participate in the May 1st demonstrations.

MADMAN: *So now let us suppose that the government of this Happy Kingdom sentences several Nanterre students to jail, brings the police into the Latin Quarter to stop demonstrations. The students fight back, build barricades. The government hesitates. The population is shocked by the disorder and the police brutality. The labor organizations call a 24-hour general strike and hold huge marches. The students occupy the universities, opening them to round-the-clock discussion. The workers start occupying the factories. There is a gigantic general strike. . . .*

RESPONSIBLE OBSERVER: *Impossible!*

MADMAN: *But let's just imagine! The government and the Communists negotiate a pay raise and other benefits. But the workers, pushed by the student agitation, turn it down. The Communists toughen their position in order to stay in front of their workers. The government gets really worried. De Gaulle flees Paris, goes to Germany to get support from the army. . . .*

RESPONSIBLE OBSERVER: *Now you're really becoming ridiculous.*

MADMAN: *Then de Gaulle appeals to the nation. Gaullist vigilante committees are formed throughout France. The Gaullists campaign against "foreign subversion" and a "totalitarian plot." Meanwhile the strike is settled. The police move back into the Latin Quarter. And then the country votes the Gaullists the biggest majority they have ever had. And then. . . .*

RESPONSIBLE OBSERVER: *You're a madman.*

MADMAN: *Of course.*

It did happen. Two weeks after that happy May 1st: someone had built a barricade in the middle of the Fifth Republic and heaved a paving stone at the Fifth Plan; the *sans-cravates* demonstrated as they had not since the liberation; the Sorbonne, Bastille of the Intellect, was taken and flying red flags; the ministers had turned zombie. Was it 1789, 1830, 1848 (for pessimists), the Commune, the Popular Front? Everyone had his own analogy.

This was a McLuhan revolution. During the day, you listened to your transistor for the announcement of the night's meeting place. During the evenings of demonstrations, you could, for purposes of joining or avoiding, follow the line of march. Ministers, deans and student leaders negotiated by telephone on the wave-lengths of Europe No. 1 and Radio Luxembourg, the two stations not affected by the blackout of information on the state radio and TV. During the fighting, a half block back from the "front," you could pick up news of clashes elsewhere, of new regroupments, of orders to disperse. You could even listen to the President of the Republic. The radio provided a formidable information service (available to the police as well, of course). But the media is the messiah, as we know, and this was true enough. The radio communicated an intense sense of participation to those (like myself) who preferred a considerable distance between themselves and the nearest member of the *Compagnies Républicaines de Sécurité*. It made a cohesive movement out of a series of conflicts. It all took place right there, in that little box, next to your ear. The revolution could be turned on or off, with a flick of the finger. Instant stimulation, and yet superficial, like a sporting event, not serious enough to frighten the unrevolutionary. Along with the factor of French centralization, the radio may have been the difference between Columbia and the Sorbonne.

The communications media were central, a fact eventually manifested by the strike at the state-owned radio and TV network. The reason for this importance was that the "revolution" of May was waged with symbols and signals. It was a violent, *non-violent* revolution.

This may sound ludicrous to TV viewers impressed with newsreels of streetfighting, or outrageous to the riot trooper who got hit, not with a symbol, but a paving stone. Or to the students whose arms and legs were broken in police beatings, who lost eyes when tear gas grenades were aimed directly at them, whose internal organs were permanently damaged in the *passage à tabac*, that running the gauntlet which seems to be a permanent institution of French police stations.

The fact remains: not only were the police beatings sadistically gratuitous, it didn't make much difference whether or not the paving stones hit their targets. The symbol of throwing them counted, like the symbol of building barricades in the middle of a well-lubricated twentieth century where barricades are hopelessly out of date, like the symbol of the workers' marches on May 13 and 29, like the symbol of de Gaulle's determined speech on the 30th and the symbol of the Gaullist parade down the Champs Elysées which followed. Like nations afraid to use the nuclear arsenals which would blow everyone up, each side demonstrated its protest and signaled its determination while trying to avoid a fatal clash. No one used firearms. There was a remarkable absence of hate.

The students sprang their symbols first, and for awhile surprise seemed to have carried the day. The barricades were at first strictly defensive, a refusal to flee before the

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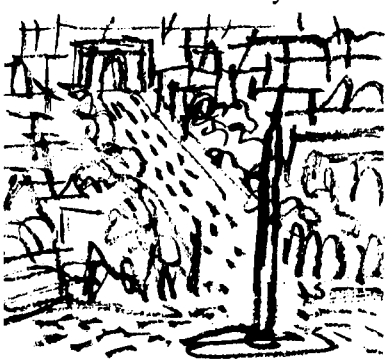
police, the ultimate custodians of society's consensus. But the night of May 10, the barricades had another meaning: the student belief that the system absorbs and manipulates those who come "to reason together" or, as the French prefer, to "dialogue." Take your few square feet of street, and *then* negotiate. They had marched for a week, clashed with police; the government did not seem to be able to understand that something was happening. "A handful of agitators," the Minister of Education declared on television, while 20,000 students were marching in the streets, mocking the Communists at the same time with the cry, "We are a *groupuscule.*" On the night of the 10th, de Gaulle went to bed at ten, wasn't to be disturbed till six in the morning. At 2:15 a.m., giving the order for the police to charge the barricades surrounding the Latin Quarter, the Minister of Interior declared, "the streets have to be clear for traffic." The students intended that the ordinary course of the General's sleep and the Minister's traffic be suspended till some other matters were disposed of.

The barricades, symbolically and in fact, challenged the "forces of order." The delivery of the Sorbonne to



all-night discussion, jazz bands and Mao posters was a challenge to Tradition and, even more so, to Tradition's poor relation, the habitual Order of Things. Authority was desacralized along with the temple of *esprit*. The students had purely and simply and massively *disobeyed*. And other Frenchmen began wondering why they themselves obeyed, why they traded their labor and life for a certain amount of cash, why their factories were any more sacred than the Sorbonne.

It started at a *Sud Aviation* plant near Nantes, the day after the occupation of the Sorbonne. And at the Renault plant at Cleon. Then at Renault at Flins and Boulogne-Billancourt. At Berliet, Rhodiaceta, Schneider-Le Creusot, Hispano-Suiza, the railroads. . . . It moved across France like the Great Blackout across America's East Coast. Quiet, hesitant, self-surprised, wondering, expectant, amused, fraternal and finally, implacable *disobedience*.

Who were the students who detonated this reaction? Writing from America, Walter Lippmann called them "nihilists." Writing from de Gaulle's lap, C. S. Sulzberger called them the "left-wing lunatic fringe" who "claim all Western society is rotten, including its proletariat," believe in terrorism, and at bottom are only in need of employment. The French government's propaganda has convinced many Frenchmen that the students are foreign subversives; for a few Arab sources, they are agents of the combined forces of the C.I.A. and international Zionism.

The tens of thousands of students who marched and fought were, of course, neither subversives nor agents nor even followers of the *groupuscules*. Most were in revolt against the French university, under-equipped, overcrowded, out-dated, Napoleonic in its centralization, paternalistic in its organization by "chairs," authoritarian in its instruction by amphitheater-sized lectures, formalistic in its system of yearly exams, irrelevant in much of its subject matter. Seventy percent of the students who begin university studies drop out without a degree and, immediately more serious, without qualification for any particular employment. Even regular university graduates have been ending on the unemployment rolls.

Many of the students accepted the principle of moving from a critique of the university to a critique of society. The step is absolutely natural; the university is one of the keystones in the centralized, hierarchical structure of French society. But the fuel of their revolt was their resentment of the university, and the spark was the police intervention. In one sense, the student "revolution" was only a demand for the same efficiency characterizing the other sectors of a modern, capitalist society, and hence entirely explicable in "my-share-of-the-pie" political theory. In another sense, the revolt was even a defense of pre-industrial privilege: the traditional prohibition of police entry in the university. But naturally, as the conflict developed, numerous students tended toward the more radical views of their leaders.

The student leaders were not secret agents, dressed in black pajamas, armed with little red books, and infiltrating the Latin Quarter by night. They belonged to open organizations and declared their beliefs and intentions with more frankness than is common in the political world. The three leading groups were the *Union Nationale des Etudiants Français* (UNEF); the *Syndicat National des Enseignants Supérieurs* (SNE Sup); and the 22nd of March Movement.

UNEF claims 70,000 members and considers that about half the French university population looks to it as their spokesman. Founded after World War II, it has always considered students' politics inseparable from the general problems of social reform. It reached its high point when, led by left-wing Catholic militants supported by the Communist students, it was one of the boldest voices opposing the Algerian War. This position cost UNEF its "official" standing and its government subsidy. The Gaullists subsidized a rival organization. The Communists also purged their student group, which was pushing for de-Stalinization; and the bishops broke the leadership of the Young Christian Students for becoming too political. The weakening of UNEF encouraged the growth of the numerous far-left groups which have both radicalized and agitated the student milieu. The regime

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was repaid for its sapping of UNEF: the absence of a single, disciplined student union made it impossible to negotiate the conflict out of the streets.

SNE Sup is a union of professors and, above all, the younger *maîtres de conférence;* it represents about one-third of the university teaching body. The 22nd of March Movement, with only a few hundred members, held its leadership position thanks to the publicity given to its role at Nanterre and to the personality (and nationality) of one of its leaders, Daniel Cohn-Bendit.

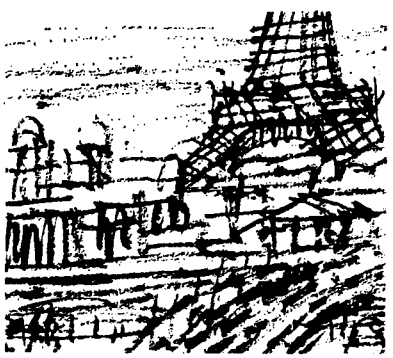
Behind these three groups were the real *groupuscules.* Contact with the working class was provided by the Maoist *Union des Jeunesses Communistes Marxist-Léninistes* and by the Trotskyite *Jeunesse Communiste Révolutionnaire,* a group including many students who broke with the Communist *Union des Etudiants Communistes* in 1966 when the Party supported Mitterand for President. Black flags, humor and 19th-century bravado—"Neither God nor master!"—was provided by the *Union des Anarchistes.* A more mysterious outfit, the International Situationists, propagated a philosophy apparently blending the early Marx and André Breton. Another Trotskyite faction considers Cuba a petit bourgeois state run by the petit bourgeois adventurers Castro and Guevara; held a meeting on the night of May 10; denounced the barricades as an ideological error; and are entirely out of the question.

All generalizations being false, including this one, what ideological common denominator can be extracted from this mixture of Marx, Mao, Trotsky, Proudhon and Sartre? (The influence of Marcuse appears to have been an invention of the press; nobody admits to having read him before May.) The students are primarily concerned with *criticism* in the sense of the young Marx: the unmasking of the mechanisms, the rationales and the ideologies of exploitation. Their criticism focuses on two objects: First, a form of monopolistic neo-capitalism which is all the more dangerous because (a) it may well be capable of avoiding the catastrophic economic crisis which would threaten its existence; and (b) it displays an enormous power to absorb or "co-opt" all potentially critical movements. (Strikes and wage demands become another factor integrated into economic planning; "dialogue" or "responsible criticism" is used to relieve tension and maybe even improve efficiency.) At the same time, this capitalism must subject the use of its vast productive powers to a very narrow "rationality" of profit rather than to a rationality of unfulfilled human needs. Finally, it exploits the non-industrialized world.

The second object of criticism is the Left—guilty of reformist integration in the capitalist system—and especially the Communist Party, guilty of bureaucratic authoritarianism, of regimentation of the working class, of repressing free discussion, and of the same tacit connivance with the system on the national level that Moscow practices with Washington on the international level.

What do the students want? Following Marx they refuse to diagram precise Utopias, but they speak of "the classless society" and consider themselves socialists. They tend to define socialism in terms of *autogestion,* self-management by workers at their place of employment; general decentralization; and some sort of direct democracy at the base.

What means do they propose for attaining these goals? Not electoral ones. The students are not anti-parliamentary, they are a-parliamentary. Parliament is just not where the action is. A socialist group which tries to gain power in parliament will lose its life juices attempting to run the capitalist system better than do the capitalists, e.g., England, Germany, Italy. Yet similarly, an insurrection or *coup d'état* which simply replaces the head of state by another head of state would not be the "revolution" either. The "revolution" is, indeed, the seizure of power, but power *throughout* society, the power to plan investments or apportion work tasks in a factory, for example, or the power to devise curricula in a university. Such seizures of power would be made by "revolutionary means"—strikes, demonstrations, occupations. Since the goal is a local, direct democracy, they could not be the work of a conspiratorial minority on the Bolshevik model but the more or less spontaneous act of a politically conscious working class—Rosa Luxemburg over Lenin at this point.



The students do not think they themselves can make the revolution. Only the working class can—and only when it will. For the moment, the student revolutionaries aim at inserting their criticism, their "contestation" of the status quo, into the university ("a critical university") and into the labor movement, so that capitalist ideology can be exposed and the working class politicized. Around this core of student doctrine, there is a student style, which may be even more important. Impressed with the power of the system to tolerate, absorb and blunt criticism, the students feel compelled to be deliberately provocative. "Exaggerate! That is the first step toward creativity!" summoned one student slogan. The exaggeration, like the red flags and red slogans, was fly-bait for True Believers; yet being consciously hyperbolic and folkloric, it was also a form of self-mockery and of watchful scepticism. "Take the Revolution seriously, not yourselves." The humor and exalted joy of the occupied universities were also an essential part of the student move-

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ment, not a pleasant side-product. The good society would be playful. The jazz band and the nursery *belong* in the university.

To be sure, the student movement had its ambiguities: fascistic or totalitarian shadings to certain notions of action, organization or revolutionary violence; the phenomenon of well-to-do Maoists as portrayed in the recent Godard film; more seriously, the fact that many of the students' reactions to authority are simply traditionally French rather than revolutionary. These factors call for qualified judgments on the movement, not denunciations or Cold War, end-of-ideology one-upmanship.

Most important, freedom to discuss and dissent was always preserved in the occupied universities. It was both the students' desire and a necessity. Just as constitutional rights are said to be the residues of religious quarrels, the sharp differences between *groupuscules* forced even the tough-minded to recognize that co-operation rested on the guarantee of everyone's right to express his opinions.

The strike and occupation of the factories began with the young, with the unorganized, with members of the CFDT, the secular child of the old Catholic trades union movement. In each case, the workers had fraternized with the students. The Communist CGT swiftly realized that this was a movement which could not be braked. It gave the order to close down the main Renault plant at Boulogne-Billancourt before the young rebels could take the lead. A deputy in the Assembly happily recalled a line of Cocteau's to fit the occasion: "Since these mysteries surpass us, let us pretend to be their organizers."

No one in France has dared suggest that the workingman's complaints were unfounded. French economic strength has been paid for out of his pocket. He works the longest work week in the Common Market, 47 hours. His hourly wage (80 cents, state allowances included) is 15 percent less than that of his German counterpart. In the Common Market, only an Italian worker earns less; yet over the last decade, purchasing power has increased less in France (21 percent) than in any of the other Common Market nations (about 30 percent for Italy, Belgium, and Netherlands; 35 percent for Luxembourg; 42 percent for Germany). What is more, a 19th-century atmosphere of class struggle subsists on the job, even in the advanced sectors of the economy. At Citroën, for example, a major auto manufacturer, only the company union is recognized; supervisors are at the entry to inspect the workers' sacks, lest any "subversive" tracts or newspapers be brought into the factory.

The general strike was neither a revolution nor only a push for higher wages. It fell somewhere in between. No doubt, as the Communists claimed, the working class was more interested in entering the mass consumption society than, like the bourgeois students, in criticizing it. But the strike was also an assertion of—what? Of all those words in the old Jaurèsian vocabulary: independence, human dignity, the right to decide one's destiny. At one of the first plants to close down, the strikers were demanding not higher wages but union-management committees to settle plant disputes.

The students and the CFDT promoted the "revolutionary" aspect of the strike. They warned that wage hikes would be eaten away by inflation or management maneuvers. They argued that the only effective strategy was to establish the workers in "irreversible" positions of power at their places of employment, i.e., gain a share in the decision-making process. (However, from an American point of view, certain of these "union liberties" and "positions of power" seemed far from revolutionary: for example, the formal recognition of a union and union stewards within a plant, the right to distribute union literature and collect dues on plant grounds.) Finally, they argued for establishing a position of power in the government: bring down de Gaulle!

Bread-and-Butter Demands

Representing sixty percent of organized French labor, the Communist CGT was the natural arbiter of this dispute. Or at least it tried to be. Swiftly, it announced a series of straight, bread-and-butter demands and termed workers' management "an outmoded formula." The secretary of the CGT's economic research department resigned in disgust. Economically, the proposals of the "utopians" probably made better sense than the inflationary demands of the CGT. But if there is anything the French businessman would oppose more bitterly than higher wages, it is a permanent grant of power to the unions. The CGT knew this; it seemed determined to prove itself a "responsible bargaining partner" with French management.

The strike initiated a new round of clashes between the Communist Party and the students. The CGT wanted no night-and-day discussions in the plants where it had long since maintained a firm hand—especially discussions led by anarchists, Maoists, Trotskyites or fallen-away members of the Communist UEC. When the students marched to the main Renault plant to talk with the workers, the CGT ordered the gates closed. Within the factories CGT militants sloganeered, "Discussion means division." But they were frequently ignored.

With or without fraternizing in the factories, the workers and students made contact: at the occupied university buildings or on the barricades. On Monday, May 27, when the workers shouted down the "protocol" negotiated between the unions, the industrialists and the government; when UNEF brought out 60,000 students and workers to boo the CGT in Paris, the Communists were forced to raise the ante. Demonstrations were called for Wednesday, May 29. A political slogan was added to the economic ones. Fear of insurrection. De Gaulle leaves to check his army. No cause for alarm: the CGT sends the marchers quietly home. The Party responds to de Gaulle's

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fire-eating speech by going to the elections, wrapped in the tricolor and advising its militants to sell copies of Lenin's *Infantile Leftism, the Malady of Communism.*

France has been saved from the Reds, think the *bien-pensants* in every nation, including France. But the French industrialists know better. "The Party of Order," one of the business-oriented papers called the Communists. They can be relied upon. They keep their troops in line. The bulwark against disorder and revolution. *L'Express* quoted a member of the Party's Political Bureau as declaring, "We have understood what we have become." Whether he spoke with regret or relief was not indicated.

The students cried "Betrayal!" and they mocked the Party and the CGT relentlessly. The French Communist Party, declared Alan Geismar of SNE Sup, "with its present organization, has proved itself the anti-Communist structure *par excellence.*"

But the Party had its reasons. Far better than the students, it knew that France is not the Latin Quarter and that there were all those Frenchmen hiding under their beds until de Gaulle made his speech. It knew how conservative and nationalistic the French nation is, and how profoundly shocked were Frenchmen at the desecration of the tricolor.

At the level of the plant and the strike settlements, the CGT's behavior was hardly so defensible. It had given low priority to two proposals which might have made the workers' gains permanent: union rights and an automatic cost-of-living adjustment in wages. The CGT has no strike funds; the strike was made at a terrible cost to the workers, and within a few days of returning to work they saw their famous victory begin to dissolve as the prices for bread and milk and electricity rose by three percent. Touched by student propaganda, many of the more militant workers were bitter. Some switched their allegiance to the CFDT. Some threatened wildcat strikes and slowdowns. It is clear that in the elections some traditionally Communist voters swung to the Gaullists or stayed home, most likely working class housewives angry at the length of the strike, non-strikers who lost work because of the economic standstill, or workers in revolt against the tutelage, rough discipline and *flic* mentality of the CGT.

May had begun with an augur of the integration of the working class and the Communist Party into the system. It proceeded with an overwhelming confirmation of that integration by the Party's behavior. And yet the Communists were rewarded at the month's end by being read out of the nation by the President of the Republic; in June the voters supported de Gaulle's judgment. At the same time, the working class rubbed its eyes to discover that it had gained more in a few weeks of acting outside the system than in years of acting within. Within its ranks the reverberations of this discovery were beginning to be felt. The Communist formations were knotted in contradictions. Revolutionary in theory, conservative in practice, committed to democracy at Paris but not at Prague, the Party practices "responsible" politics—because of its bureaucratic, Stalinist outlook. The result was division, with the "irresponsible" but libertarian students and their non-Communist allies on the left. And rejection by the electors.

The Cultural Revolution

The students detonated something besides the strike, something it has become fashionable to term the "cultural revolution." The words evoke the posters and slogans, the red and black flags, the singing of "The Internationale," and all the other revolutionary folklore. That existed, even if it was not so absolutely unprecedented as both students and their detractors imagined. Had not Charles Péguy, at the time of Dreyfus, maneuvered his band of friends through the complicated halls of the Sorbonne in brawls with nationalist students, trying to disrupt the lectures of the Dreyfusard professors? Did not Péguy and his friends end their battles in the vestibule on the Rue des Ecoles shouting—"lugubriously" one of them recalled—"The Internationale"?

No one thought of him, but Péguy might have been an appropriate patron for this cultural revolution, with his later scorn for the Sorbonne mandarinate, his formula, "The social Revolution will be moral or it will not be," and his belief that "socialism is a new life and not at all only a political doctrine."

The cultural revolution was a gigantic process of discussion and questioning; and one can well ask how much of a nation's Gross National Product is well worth sacrificing for a period of posing questions which otherwise are not likely to be posed on such a scale for decades. For three weeks all France seemed to have opened up; those incredible distances in its social life disappeared. The professional wordsmiths were, of course, completely inebriated by the fragrance of the hundred flowers blooming. But the effervescence went beyond their milieu. Tradesmen and workers entered the Sorbonne or the National Theater or the provincial universities for the first time in their lives. The bishops took up "contestation" as a Christian responsibility. Discussions broke out following Sunday Masses. Or just on any streetcorner, in the *banlieue* as well as the Latin Quarter. Who would start these discussions, one could never tell. There they were, like eddies in the stream of passers-by, gaining and losing participants, shifting from the far-fetched to the practical, still swirling around on the same few yards of sidewalk hours later—or even days.

The mass consumption society? What was it bringing? Is happiness a new Renault? Does maintaining a relative prosperity in this age imply an economy frantically urging and manipulating in order to expand? Academicians of *Figaro,* intellectuals of *Le Monde,* moralists of the Church have long since chewed their fingernails over the

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effects of kitchen appliances and *les gadgets* on traditional French and Christian values. The students of the left speculate on whether the consumption process doesn't exploit as effectively as the production process. (A theory which, conveniently, makes the students, as consumers, exploited along with the workers.) The Communists find the discussion silly and the only real problem how to bring the workers into this society of consumption as swiftly and as thoroughly as possible. (Ironically, most of America's ideologists, knowing that our civilization is the best of all possible, and inevitable anyway, would agree.)

The cultural revolution went beyond these generalities. Far from the rhetorical pyrotechnics of the grand amphitheaters of the Sorbonne, committees of students produced plans for reforming university structures, medical education, architectural training. Scientific researchers in both state and private laboratories re-examined the means and ends of France's research effort. The film industry held an "estates general." The state radio and television belatedly took shame at their role of "His Master's Voice," and commenced the longest and most unanimous strike in the history of this government stronghold.

Although there was a certain tendency to "solve" a problem with a brilliant phrase or an elegant formulation, the excitement was justified. There was a rediscovery of faith that France could again make History, History was no longer relegated to the General's speeches or to the super-powers or to the underdeveloped world in revolt. Perhaps because of the same out-dated aristocratic, peasant, Christian virtues which made her stumble and hesitate on the threshold of "modernity," France might create something new and more human.

The cultural revolution was cut short, however, stopped dead, and then reversed by the Gaullist election campaign. Once again, if in a slightly different sense, what began in *mystique* ended in *politique*.

The New Politics

The politics of June were a dismal business. The Gaullist victory was dismal for the French Left, to be sure; but the Gaullist election campaign was dismal, period.

The political scientists are beginning to pore over the election returns. While attending their pronouncements, one can attempt a few amateur observations. First, in sheer numbers the Gaullist victory was not as surprising as many Frenchmen found it. For years the French have been talking about that "simplification" of politics which would occur when the many parties were fused into two blocs, as in England and the U.S. In 1968 that simplification took place—at least on the right-wing. Through anti-Communism and the amnesty for General Salan, the Gaullists attracted both Centrists and the extreme right-wing of *Algérie Française*. The result? As in British and American elections, a small shift in votes was reflected in a large shift in seats in the parliament.

In terms of electoral geography, however, the victory cut deeply. The Gaullists made inroads in the industrial North, in the working class *banlieues,* and even into the "red" rural strongholds in the Southeast.

Finally, in terms of electoral psychology, the Gaullist victory may even be irreversible. Defeat is more apt to divide and demoralize the left-wing parties than to stimulate them to new effort.

Perhaps the defeat was deserved for the collection of bright newcomers, Fourth Republic holdovers and Communist monsignori who do their best to be a Left in France. They simply do not seem like a credible, unified bloc, capable of governing the country. The Gaullists do. And the Left paid for its divisions. After weeks of taking sharply different positions in regard to the students, the wounds could not be healed overnight. The second-round election returns show clearly that non-Communist voters often abandoned the "united Left" candidate when he was a Communist; and Communist voters did the same for non-Communist candidates.

It was not the victory but the campaign which was truly disturbing. The Gaullists lay down a smokescreen of charges of subversion, totalitarianism, foreign agents. A series of revolting expulsions of foreigners took place, without appeal, and in some cases virtually into the hands of the police forces of other nations. The left-wing *groupuscules* were dissolved as being a threat to the state (no protest from the Communists, of course) while OAS terrorists and convicted assassins were released from jail.

The Gaullists were not bereft of legitimate campaign material, above all, the disarray of their opponents. They chose to run on xenophobia and the "knife between the teeth." While the student rebels had never used firearms, the Gaullist "civic action committees" were frequently armed when they made sorties against left-wing campaigners; the night before the election, an 18-year-old Communist, in the process of pasting up election posters, was shot and killed, point-blank, in the heart, by a Gaullist gang.

The Big Lie was the framework for this campaign; and eventually the Opposition too played the game abjectly. The Communists insinuated the government had actually provoked the whole student revolt in order to gain votes. Campaigners for Mitterand pointed out that none of this burning of autos occurred when François Mitterand was Minister of the Interior. The real issues facing France were ignored. The elections were a gigantic stunt. They proved the students' point of how little genuine democracy can have to do with a single vote cast every few years.

The questions of May were erased by the reflexes of June. Each Frenchman can now return to his own garden.

France's future is in the hands of the Gaullists. *Now,* they say, we can have real dialogue. Which is a gentler way of stating the message of the campaign: it is nice to have an Opposition, since that is the sort of thing demo-

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cratic states do. Just so long as it doesn't come to power. But if the Chamber is only an echo-Chamber, if the dialogue only monologue, France may merely be between acts. The students are looking toward more agitation when the university opens in the fall.

The first large question is de Gaulle's proposal to introduce worker "participation" into the economy. Some observers feel that this is an essential part of de Gaulle's great dream of a unique France, neither capitalist nor Communist, and that he will have his way. Admitting that de Gaulle is no devotée of capitalism, others insist that once it is clear how much a vast reform of the economy, with an inevitable flight of capital, will weaken France's role in international affairs, he will transform "participation" into the establishment of a few harmless committees.

The police have scraped the posters off the walls of the Sorbonne and one can read old scrawlings about the Cinematheque and the war in Vietnam. A million years ago. Committees still operate in other university buildings and in certain factories. The students are attempting to set up their own summer schools to prepare for the exams postponed till September; they are establishing "popular universities" for workers in several regions. *Le Monde* gathers and publishes the mass of manifestoes and proposals. France is going on vacation. Hope hangs in corners like the whiffs of tear gas the morning after a riot.

What did this unpredictable, unbelievable outburst mean? A spring thundershower? A sign of the times? Malraux says it is all part of a crisis of Western civilization, the death of God, the absence of hope. No doubt. On a less grandiose level, the entire movement might be seen as a grand quarrel betwen different factions of the Left, a last-ditch effort to settle the old questions of the viability of Revolution, of the danger of reformism, of the conflict between a "heroic," spontaneous socialism and a pragmatic, bread-and-butter socialism. Perhaps Gaullism was never really in the eye of the storm at all: at first the innocent victim, eventually the successful profiteer.

All revolutions are a mixture of the old and the new, the closed chapter, the unwritten page. The revolution of May closed the book on the revolutionary tradition of the French Communists. That story is finished. A general strike such as the Wobblies or Georges Sorel never dreamed of passed easily into a conservative electoral victory. But the desire of highly conscious groups to make something new and human with the vast material promises of the industrial and "post-industrial" societies is the beginning of a new volume. The reflex of June was stimulated by the reality of the past. It ignored the reality of the future. The old description of the Revolution of 1848 might fit that of 1968 as well: a turning-point in history where history failed to turn.

McCarthy must be nominated

STOP HUMPHREY!

ROBERT McAFEE BROWN

I am willing to concede the likelihood, if not the inevitability of a Nixon nomination, appalling as that strikes me, for I see no indication that the Republican party has recovered from the corporate death wish manifested in the Goldwater nomination of 1964. I would regard the election of Mr. Nixon as a disaster to the future of a free people either at home or abroad. A major question, therefore, for millions of Americans who share this view, is how to forestall such a possibility. We can have little hope that the Republicans will help us out, though we must hope that the Rockefeller forces can somehow pull off the miracle of the century.

Barring miracles, which are feeble straws for politicians to grasp at, we must therefore look to the Democrats for help in our time of national peril. But the picture there, as interpreted in popular terms, is at least as doleful. For all the experts, pollsters and party regulars assure us that Hubert Humphrey has the nomination all locked up. And since for many more millions of us the election of Humphrey would be a catastrophe of the magnitude of a Nixon election, the place where national efforts and pressures have to be focused, in the few remaining weeks before the Democratic convention, is on persuading the delegates that Humphrey cannot win, and that any convention that nominates him must bear the responsibility for nominating (a) not only a loser, but (b) a man who even in defeat should not be allowed to bear the standard of the Democratic party.

Both factors are important. It is because Humphrey is not entitled to represent the concerns of the Democratic party that he will be a loser. If enough delegates at the convention can be persuaded of either or both of these facts, it is at least possible that they will forsake the corporate death wish his nomination would represent, and

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let the Republicans represent the Death Wish Department this summer.

As succinctly as I can manage it, here are my reasons for the harsh judgment that Humphrey must be denied the nomination and that even if he receives the nomination he must be denied the election.

One has only to remember the mood of the country a few months ago, before Eugene McCarthy changed the whole picture, to remember that until that time it was assumed that there would be no real choice on the issue of Vietnam: we would either have Johnson, whose Vietnam policy had been a disaster, or Nixon, whose Vietnam policy would be Johnson's policy escalated more rapidly. McCarthy, and later Kennedy, made clear that there *were* choices, and that they were choices possible through the political process. Now, nine months later, the choices are in danger of evaporating. For the Johnson policy in Vietnam is the Johnson-Humphrey policy, and a vote for Humphrey is a vote in support of all the tragic and costly and immoral decisions of the last four years. Mr. Humphrey cannot escape responsibility for that policy. It is inconceivable to me that anyone who opposed the Johnson-Humphrey policy in 1965, 1966 and 1967, could support Humphrey in 1968.

Mr. Humphrey has not only supported the policy, he has been its most ardent and enthusiastic cheerleader. Men like Arthur Goldberg and Robert McNamara at least had a decent measure of restraint and lack of jubilation in defending what our country was doing in the destruction of Vietnam and its peoples. Not so Mr. Humphrey. He has been The Jaunty Hawk, the unashamed and eager apostle of all that millions of us feel has been the grossest breach of morality, let alone political wisdom, in the entire history of our nation, and in doing so he has played havoc with the right of dissent, telling thousands of college students that their activities bring comfort to Hanoi and are unpatriotic. Let no one excuse Mr. Humphrey on this score or seek to disengage him from the Administration's policies. He has been the most vociferous advocate of our massive slaughter. History will write this fact in ways that will dim Mr. Humphrey's earlier political contributions to our nation.

To urge Humphrey to "change" his policy on Vietnam, as a condition of supporting him, is unrealistic and unreliable. Any "change" comes at least three years (and hundreds of thousands of lives) too late, and if he could change that easily before an election he could also do so after an election—just as Mr. Johnson did.

There are those who argue that even though Humphrey has a bad record on foreign policy, he has done important things domestically. But even on civil rights, few of us can forget the moral shock with which we confronted a certain news story shortly after the election, as Governor of Georgia, of Lester Maddox, a confirmed and blatant racist, who had sold axe handles to customers to help him defend his restaurant in Atlanta against the intrusion of "nigras." Mr. Humphrey made a trip to Atlanta, publicly embraced Lester Maddox and made the statement, "The Democratic Party is big enough for both of us." No one who goes out of his way to court that kind of support deserves nomination, let alone election, to the office of President of the United States.

Even if one writes off the Maddox encounter as bad judgment, or simply an example of Humphrey verbal overkill, his stand on Vietnam remains a definitive count against him. No man who has been the advocate of our massive mistakes in southeast Asia can be trusted to sit in the White House from 1969-1973.

But this does not yet demonstrate that Humphrey is a loser next fall. That will be done, it seems to me, only as millions of us register *before* the Democratic convention our decision that under no circumstances will we vote for him, even if he is the nominee of our party. I think this harsh fact must be driven home with utmost bluntness. Those convention delegates who say to us in early November, "You have a choice between Humphrey and Nixon; therefore if you don't vote for our man you will put Nixon in the White House," need to have said to them, "We give you fair warning now that millions of us will not support Humphrey, and if you nominate him, then *you* are the ones who are putting Nixon in the White House."

In support of that logic, such facts as the following must be borne in mind:

1. Even if Humphrey is now the choice of the *delegates,* there is no indication that he is the choice of the *people*. He has been consistently repudiated in tests of public support. In his own home state of South Dakota, the best he could muster was 30 percent of the vote. In the California primary, Kennedy and McCarthy garnered 88 percent of the vote between them, leaving the "Lynch slate" (manifestly representing Humphrey) with a dismal 12 percent of the vote. McCarthy's stunning upset in New York State further indicated the unpopularity of the Humphrey cause among the voters. The delegates to the Democratic convention will overlook such facts only if they are determined to be the architects of a disaster.

2. The method of choosing delegates to the convention has been, to say the least, manipulated. In state after state, the McCarthy representatives have been denied a fair share of delegate representation proportionate to their strength in the primaries. This pattern has been so consistent that no pious denials by Humphrey can dissipate the charge that the convention is being steamrollered. When pressed on the matter in late June, the concession was made within the Humphrey forces that perhaps a few more delegates could be conceded to McCarthy, but this was immediately followed by the cynical proviso that this would be done only so long as it did not endanger the nomination of Humphrey. It will be impossible for the Democrats to nominate Humphrey and pretend that there has been an "open" convention.

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3. The delegates will thus represent a small faction within the party, but they will not represent the wishes of a tremendous spectrum of the people. The polls since Senator Kennedy's death have made clear that a majority of Democrats "want" McCarthy nominated, but "expect" Humphrey to get nominated. This again is bowing to the myth of "inevitability." (Some polls show that McCarthy could defeat Nixon; Humphrey could not.) Those who want McCarthy nominated are now called upon to insist that he *must* be nominated, and that the issues are so grave that—to repeat once again what must be said as many times as possible—it is simply not possible for millions of us, under any circumstances, to support Humphrey. Let the delegates remember that. Let them remember that they will not only lose the votes they need in 1968, but will permanently alienate the younger voters, and will bring about either a cynical "turning off" on the political process, or the desperate effort to mount a write-in candidate in 1968, and/or a third party to make a protest vote in 1968, and become a serious factor in the 1972 elections.

Here is where the help of the Kennedy forces is particularly needed. Everything Robert Kennedy stood for in his campaign represented a need to remove the Johnson-Humphrey Administration from office. The sacrifice of his life is ill-served if those who supported him turn to support the man he was seeking to remove from presidential consideration.

All of this may seem a rather backhanded way to support Senator McCarthy, the man of moral courage and political wisdom who, in the lonely days of last November, opened up the doors of hope on the American political scene. But I am presupposing in the above that Senator McCarthy has the qualities of true statesmanship, that he is a gift to the American voters even better than we really deserve, and that he would be not only a good President but a great one. But Senator McCarthy is a man whose every campaign has been dogged by the charge that "McCarthy can't win." It is one of the falsest slogans in American political history, since Senator McCarthy has never been defeated in running for public office, having been elected five times to the House and twice to the Senate. That slogan has now been supplemented by another, equally false, that "Humphrey can't lose." It is up to us, in the weeks and months ahead, to demonstrate that both slogans are false, and that we can, in January, begin not just a tired re-run of the Johnson policy, but the fresh new policies of a man who need not defend the mistakes of the past four years, who can be independent of the dismal Johnson-Humphrey record in southeast Asia, and can lead us in new directions both domestically and internationally. Senator McCarthy offers this hope. By letter, postcard, telegram, speech, article, advertisement and every other device known to man, we must impress that fact on the Democratic national convention. For after that, it may be too late.

Columbia summer stock

OLD LIONS ON THE ROAD

WILLIAM SCHECHNER

A road company from Columbia University is touring this summer, playing alumni clubs and the like to assure old grads and friends that all goes well on Morningside Heights. Made up of an administration official or two and a trustee, this answer to TV re-runs opened its New Jersey schedule recently in the crystal Room of the fading yet aptly named Hotel Suburban in East Orange. While the performance was unconvincing (no more than 1½-stars as the *Daily News* rates things) in its attempt to deny that deep currents for change are posing a crisis for the University, it was as extraordinarily successful an example of the Post Facto Put Down (PFPD) as has been seen in months.

The PFPD is a press conference and public utterance gambit which was probably first developed by Pharoah after his unsuccessful brush with the plagues. Since then it has become a favorite of officials, authorities and "sources." Briefly, its heart is to define the goal of your successful opponent yourself, being careful to make sure that you pick something he did not achieve. This allows you to turn his success into failure with one quick proclamation. Its most skilled recent practitioner is General William C. Westmoreland who managed to win the Tet offensive by stating that since the Viet Cong had not been able to permanently hold any cities they had failed. Conversely, their defeat became our victory, just one in that long line, etc. Taking their cue from this move, the Columbia authorities added an extra flourish by pointing out, as we shall see, that the event (in this case the uprising) did not even change the course of affairs but only speeded things up a bit. This means that the Colum-

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bia disaster was actually (via PFPD) a part of the plan. So, how serious could it be?

The first speaker in East Orange was University Vice President David B. Truman. It was warm and uncomfortable that night, but 500 persons had come out. Since almost all of them own air conditioners, the attraction must not have been the cool of the Crystal Room but the topic and the advertised star, University President Grayson Kirk. Sadly, Kirk had been forced to fly to Mexico on academic business, and Truman filled in, supported by Trustee Benjamin Buttenweiser. Following drinks, sandwiches and canapes, everyone settled down to hear about what had happened.

Those who expected a balanced presentation were soon disillusioned—this was a company show. Instead of describing and explaining the concerns of the student leaders and going on from there, Truman turned almost immediately to the issue of violence. Here he struck the nerve which showed the preconceptions which the audience walked in with, preconceptions he never genuinely sought to modify. Truman was speaking about the decision not to grant amnesty to the demonstrators. "This issue," he said, "extends beyond Columbia to every university in the country, and into the schools, and other places. In a society where one is responsible for his own acts, it is immoral for one in authority to say that if the codes, rules and responsibilities of society have been violated no consequences can be expected therefrom." The remark drew a 30-second burst of handclapping, which was repeated to some degree every time the theme of law and order came up during the two-hour meeting. As the 50-year-old lady next to me put it: "Dirty Columbia hippies, they should have been thrown in jail."

It is too bad Truman chose to propagandize instead of to teach. For the students (and the faculty who support them) are involved in much more than violence for its own sake, rebellion against all authority, or a plot to turn Columbia upside down. To hear them tell it, the heart of the student leaders' concern is the fear that the University has become the captive of interests which have turned it way from its legitimate functions: training critical thinkers who would question society's assumptions, and acting as a humane force both in its own community of Morningside Heights and Harlem, and in the nation. Pointing to ties with the defense, intelligence and business establishments, the students said Columbia had become a service center for these groups. The pot boiled over in connection with two specific questions: the University's ties to the Institute for Defense Analyses, and the construction of a gymnasium on leased land in Morningside Park. The students used these issues as a means to question the administrative structure which they felt had led the University to operate contrary to their interests as students and as citizens, and against its own position as an independent house of inquiry.

About as close to this as the discussion came was that the uprising had been a demand for change. Truman usurped this position, admitting there are problems at Columbia. "We've made mistakes over the years," he said, "there were dissatisfactions. But we were getting ready to change things and then these dissatisfactions came to the surface." It fell to Buttenweiser to tell who would be supervising the revisions.

Trustees as Target

A short bald man in his 60's with a deep tan, Buttenweiser is a partner in the securities firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. Among other things, he is a director of the Tishman Realty Corporation and an advisor to the Uris Buildings Corporation, whose chairman, Percy Uris, is also a Columbia Trustee. It is this kind of thing that worries the students, especially in light of several profitable real estate transactions involving UBC and Columbia. A man who likes to quote Emerson and Aristotle, Buttenweiser sometimes slipped into Wall Street terminology. He tried to assure the group, saying that in time "I think we'll turn a profit on these events." He cited as evidence the fact that a special committee of Trustees had been appointed by the full Board and asked to investigate the riots and propose changes in the structure of the University. But Buttenweiser made it very clear where the responsibility and the authority rested and in his view where it would remain—with the Board of Trustees.

This group is a prime target. Their average age is 66, and the Board is heavy with businessmen, lawyers and real estate entrepreneurs. There are no educators among its members, most of whom are appointed for life. One observer, Journalism School Dean Edward W. Barrett, has placed a significant part of the blame for the uprising at their door. The cause of the trouble, Barrett said in a report concurred in by most of his faculty, was a "deep student-faculty discontent with what has seemed to many to be authoritarian rule by remote, inaccessible powers."

Buttenweiser gave a good example of what Dean Barrett meant when he left little doubt, despite all that had transpired, that the Board of Trustees was not about to back down on the most controversial topic of all, the gymnasium. This question is wrapped deep in symbolism. A $13-million venture, the construction in Morningside Park was halted during the riots, and most observers then felt the chances were good it would not begin again. If it were finished it would connect—but not quite—Morningside Heights on top and Central Harlem 100 feet below. The building would have two separate facilities with separate entrances: a lower level with its entrance in Harlem for use by the community, and an upper level for student use with an entrance on Morningside Drive. It was this arrangement, plus resistance in the Harlem community itself generated by lack of

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consultation on the plans, which made the gym an issue. It soon became emblematic of the University's dealings with its black neighbors in the students' eyes.

The question to Buttenweiser was where would the gymnasium be built if it were not constructed in the park. Visibly annoyed, he said the issue was under "careful consideration" and then immediately made it clear that the decision had in effect been made—the facility would be built where it had been begun. He spoke of the plans in detail, in the present tense; he described the sacrifice Columbia was making in order to give the people of Harlem a recreation facility; he said the two entrances were a question of convenience, not racism. "If this is racism," he said, "then I don't understand the English language." Columbia had been misunderstood, he went on, and her generosity toward the poor rejected. At the end his answer to the original question was almost lost in applause. "Where else would we build it?" he growled. "I don't know!"

The format of the evening was also symbolic. Written questions were submitted (for reasons never made clear), and by the time they were answered most of the sharp edges were taken off. One recent graduate of the Architecture School tried to interrupt an unsatisfying answer by Truman, but he was silenced by two elderly alumni who seized his microphone and told him, amid approving shouts from the audience, that this was a question period, not a debate, and he should hold his tongue. Later he sent a typed sheet of questions to Truman which broke the calm reserve of the evening and led to about the only real communication on that hot night. Truman undertook an impassioned defense of Columbia's activities in Harlem, and for a minute the problems of the administrator of a white university operating in a black community became real.

Presumably, Truman and Buttenweiser thought the evening successful. The audience was thoroughly on the side of the administration which, in turn, had come down firmly for law and order. And the point had been made that, as Truman put it, with "time, support, and understanding" the changes already afoot would be successfully completed. So the riot, it would seem, was actually the counterproductive exercise in frivolous violence that most of the audience thought it was when they walked in. Nobody mentioned IDA, the Morningside neighborhood question, or what a University is supposed to do in the world. The discontent had been reshaped, isolated, swallowed up and digested—all in two hours in East Orange.

But not quite. Truman, shortly before the end of the evening, had answered a question about student unrest. It was the result of the war in Vietnam, he said, which had made young people deeply mistrustful of all authority, and a guilt inherent in the racial crisis. "They regard their parents much the same way as the young Germans did their parents after the war. They ask the question 'Where were you when?' They want to know how we let things get this way." It was a keen insight, and clearly, the kind of statements he had been making all evening long were not addressed to answering the type of question he had phrased at its close. So it has been on the Columbia campus. Unless real answers are forthcoming, it will be no easier to hold things together next September than it was last May.

SIR HERBERT READ

ETC.

"One of the most notably persuasive influences upon his age," Sir Herbert Read has been called. Yet he was little known outside of England, although he often came to this country, and was a Fellow at the Center for Advanced Studies at Wesleyan University as lately as 1965. He was a courageous officer in World War I, winning both the Distinguished Service Order and the Military Cross for gallantry under fire. A poet, imagist and austere, his war poems contain "a surgery hardly to be endured," as Michael Roberts wrote of them. An art critic, Read brought Picasso, Henry Moore, Paul Klee, Francis Bacon and many other painters and sculptors to the notice of the British public. He remained always one of the most English of writers and thinkers, looking the Saxon he genetically was.

He had the almost idyllic childhood England so often provides. His father's farm, Muscoates, Kirbymoorside, Yorkshire, where there were daily, he wrote, some fifteen mouths to feed, looked north; "south was behind." During the years spent there, "we seemed not so much to live as to be lived by forces outside of us, by the wind and trees." In later life his favorite symbol was "the Tree of Life. I am like a leaf. Deep down in my consciousness is the consciousness of a collective life." Before he was six, he hated the annual pig-killing on the farm. Aged seven, he was given his first pony, and taken hunting by his farmer father, who bred and rode splendid hunters. At the first kill, young Herbert had to "be blooded," he wrote. "The severed head of the fox was wiped across my face until it was completely smeared in blood. I do not remember the blood." Yet it is recalled in the most dramatic scene in his one marvelous novel, *The Green Child*, when Olivero, returning through the kitchen window, sees the Green Child being forced to drink a lamb's blood, she who refused to touch meat, eating only green herbs and leaves.

From childhood on, the brevity of life horrified Herbert Read. Of the war he wrote "Men were being killed by my side, before my eyes. I saw that the individuality

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and intelligence and all the unique make-up of a man could seep into the ground with a trickle of warm blood." In letters home, which he published after the war, he wrote of the enemy: "Most of the prisoners we took were boys under twenty. Apart from the uniform, Germans and English are alike as peas—beautiful fresh children. And they are massacred in inconceivable torment."

Read's father died, suddenly, of rheumatic fever when he was nine, and he was sent away to school. Two hundred boys, a hundred segregated girls. No hot water; one meal a day; no private rooms. Stone walls, smoky skies, hard work—the boys made their beds, cleaned their rooms and boots. Then, aged fifteen, school was over and he got a job as a clerk in a local savings bank at twenty pounds a year. His two younger brothers were employed by a tailor from a good Quaker family. When Read's mother—who on her husband's death had left the farm and got a job, died, this Quaker tailor took all three orphans to live with him. Through him Herbert came to poetry. First Tennyson, who showed him felicity, but whose *Idylls of the King* he could not "then or later" read, as they were "literary fustian," then Blake, who "shook me to the depths of my awaking mind. For me, Blake is absolute."

In 1912, Herbert Read enrolled at the University of Leeds. At that time, not a single soul was there to get a liberal education. He made no friends, but spent his time in an "orgy of acquisitiveness." He read in the library, gobbling Nietzsche, Kant, Dostoevsky, the classical economists, Disraeli, Carlyle, and, while browsing, lost his Christian faith at eighteen. Yet he came to a certainty which never left him, that "a sense of glory is the source of all our virtuous and unselfish actions." There were moderns he read and admired too: D. H. Lawrence, Richard Aldington, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot.

At Leeds he had joined the Officers Training Corps, and in 1914 got a commission in the Green Howards, a local Yorkshire regiment training in Dorset. "One week in the trenches was sufficient to strip war of romance. There was nothing but primitive filth, lice, boredom and death." Somehow, although wounded twice, he survived, and his writing began in letters. "The guns are going all day and night. Imagine yourself not listening to thunder but inside the heart of it . . . we crawl from shell-hole to shell-hole . . . we were six days and nights without food or sleep . . . my colonel was wounded and I had to take command of the battalion." His leaves home were spent reading—Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw, Orage, above all, Nietzsche: "all paths that opened up in the darkness of the soul." For in August 1914, he had lost all faith also in socialism, since the workers of the world had failed to act in unison to stop the war.

At war's end he describes himself and the other survivors: "Exhausted by their suffering they submitted to the fiercer energies of the old men who had watched and waited from a safe distance . . . I consider the no-man's-years between the wars as largely futile, spent unprofitably by me and my kind."

Nature remained, and Art. His first book was a book of poems, published in 1920. This brought him into immediate contact with the living poets he admired and who, reciprocally, came to admire him. But his artistic expression always remained strictly realist—the thinker he most admired (after Nietzsche) was T. E. Hulme (killed in the war), and Ralph Hodgson was one of his admitted models. As he put it in his poem for the Spanish anarchists: "The golden lemon is not made/ But grows on a green tree"; such terse statements as "light breaks in behind the brain" influenced Dylan Thomas.

Herbert Read came to believe that "the aesthetic faculty has been the means of man's first acquiring and then refining, consciousness." But all aesthetics must be based on experience; "Sensation continually provides the artist with the material the translation of which is the fulfillment of his mental existence . . . the term great art we reserve for metaphysical art—that is, art whose visible creations reveal the underlying reality . . . metaphysical statements can be made in visual terms." He quotes in this context, with approval, Karl Jaspers' remark: "Five apples on a plate can be a statement of transcendental truth." Indeed, for Herbert Read metaphysics always remained incarnate: "These two streams cross in me/ Past and future are but two lines/ Intersecting a point: in me."

After the war, Read first spent three years working at the Treasury, then transferred to the Victoria and Albert Museum, thereby reducing his salary by 150 pounds. "I never regretted it," he wrote. Although he once commented that "Tolstoi and Baudelaire produced by different means the same miseries: the greatest enemy of art is, alas, happiness," Read had a very successful life. First and foremost he was a poet whose audience, though never very large, included his most distinguished contemporaries. His one novel—based on a local Yorkshire folk-tale of green children—immediately became a classic; his dozens of publications include a large number of seminal books on the nature of the artistic experience—the last, a *Letter to a Young Poet,* was published in the U.S. in 1967 (Horizon Press). Read also edited the collected works of Jung, and selections from Prince Kropotkin; he edited and prefaced the UNESCO book on aboriginal Australian paintings; he wrote monographs on the pottery tiles of Henry Moore and Graham Sutherland. The exhibition he put together in the '30s of "Sculpture outside of time and space," is one of the turning-points in the history of art in England. Honors came to him thick and fast: he was professor of Fine Art at Edinburgh from 1931-1933; at the University of Liverpool from 1935-1936; at the University of London, 1940-1942; he gave the Clark Lectures at Trinity Cambridge, and was knighted in 1953. He was twice married, first to Evelyn Roff, by whom he had a son; then to Margaret

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Ludwig, by whom he had three sons and a daughter. One son, Pierce Paul Read, is a novelist whose recent *Game in Heaven with Tessy Marx* was well received.

Sir Herbert Read's first book had as its motto: "One must have chaos within one to give birth to a dancing star." All his life, he remained true to anarchism and to realism. For he was as solid and as sensitive as the high northern earth and air from which he came and to which he has returned. ANNE FREMANTLE

TOTAL THEATER: WHICH WAY?

THE STAGE

Richard Schechner, professor of drama at N.Y.U. and editor of *The Drama Review,* has started something called The Performance Group. From his spoken pronunciamentos and printed manifestoes, one gathers that the group is dedicated, first, to exploring their own and one another's bodies via such exercises as aboriginal simulated childbirth rituals and the "group grope," which involves blindfoldedly groping and smelling out a partner with whom one pairs off for the evening. Secondly, they want to develop a theater of total involvement, derived from Artaud, Peter Brook, and two Poles, Jan Kott and Jerzy Grotowski.

The Performance Group has now let us in on their arcane doings with Schechner's version of *The Bacchae* of Euripides, *Dionysus in 69*, a title meant to function both in writing and orally. As those familiar with Kott's treatment of Shakespeare and other classics will guess, Euripides and Schechner's reverse bowdlerizing of him are Poles apart. What we get here, in a specially constructed "environment" at a converted garage, consists of one third Euripides and two thirds ritual birthings, group therapy for the actors, group gropes for both actors and such members of the audience as allow themselves to be lured into frugging with performers or being groped by them, and a great deal of hippie talk. Dionysus, for example, is described as "a god who eats food and women, smokes cigarettes, and with a social security number"; he promises people "freedom, real freedom, not bullshit American freedom"; in other words, gloriously terrible things "like burning down slums and listening to the screams." And William Finley, who enacts, or engropes, Dionysus, proclaims: "I come from the flowering slum to the East, but I live to the West on Christopher Street, Nr. 69+22," and "To quote Euripides, etcetera, let the truth be told: there is no God greater than Bill Finley!"

The environment consists of a central playing area surrounded by numerous and diverse crudely jointed wooden —what shall I call them: towers? erections?—on, under, and around which both actors and audience sit or disport themselves. The mixture of mumbled Euripides, bellowed Schechner, and actors' therapeutic improvisations ("Rozanne, why are you so afraid of being a woman?"); of actors' stripping down to diminutive jock straps affording tower-seated pederasts (and, unfortunately, the rest of us) perfect views of anuses; of actresses baring their unnoteworthy bosoms; crawls, leaps, wallows, tumbles and grumbles (elocution, of course, is anathema) all over this converted, or deconverted, garage.

I shall cite only two examples of the crude and pointless goings-on. One is Pentheus' delivering a speech while turning somersaults round and round the central stage. The other is Agave, enacted at this point by two girls simultaneously, killing and performing fellatio on a single Pentheus in duplicate, while the entire cast smear themselves with and roll about in simulated gore. There seem to be at least two glaring fallacies at work in all this.

The first is the assumption that nonentities like Schechner and his gropers can liberally insert their foolishness into a work of art and come up with a viable fusion—as if you could add apples and horsebuns. The second is that you involve people by jostling, tickling, ad- or undressing them. An audience is willing to suspend its disbelief *as an audience*, and for this there are any number of useful conventions like the picture-frame stage, special lighting, and so on, and, above all, that greater and deeper thing which is art. But why should a spectator be moved by groups of actors, sweaty and smelly, rolling over his legs and tumbling into his lap? This means being accosted not as audience but *as a private citizen*, and there is no reason why I as a private individual should suspend my disbelief, or lend my ears and nose to The Performance Group's bad diction and worse odors. (O for the good old days when all you might have inhaled in this garage was a little carbon monoxide!) In other words, the methods here used work not for the play but against it, in the name of some nebulous communion with persons whom my senses and taste urge me to stay as far away from as possible.

But, good news! Elsewhere there is a well-wrought and poignant revival of O'Neill's *A Moon for the Misbegotten*. This is not one of the master's best plays, but

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it runs a fairly close and highly estimable second. The theme, as in all of O'Neill's mature works, is people reaching for someone or something only to find their yearnings unfulfilled, regardless of whether their objective eludes or submits to their grasp. So here the would-be lovers dance a harrowing emotional minuet—barefoot, on broken glass—and can touch only in the mind, share only mutual abdication.

The beauty of O'Neill's full-blown dramaturgy is that it is so very much of a piece. The same tremulous frustrations, the same shyly hopeful yet dashed expectations, the same violence ending by turning inward on itself that inform the play as a whole are to be found in almost every scene, in nearly every bit of dialogue. That is what makes this rowdy and heartbreaking play finally so exhilarating and even restful: its consistency, its homogeneity. A look at it through either end of the opera glasses yields the same pattern of things, large or small. The drunken, guilt-haunted hero exclaims at one point, "There is no present or future—only the past happening over and over again—now." Similarly, O'Neill's tragic vision rears up before us over and over again, even in the midst of the often very funny humor.

Already at the beginning of O'Neill's career, Hugo von Hofmannsthal cogently observed that these plays were "theater through and through, and from the roots up." Looking at *A Moon for the Misbegotten* in Theodore Mann's conservative but penetrating production, we feel how applicable to O'Neill are Mallarmé's marvelous words about Poe, "*Calme bloc ici-bas chu d'un désastre obscur*"; the play is a self-contained monolith dropped on earth from some great, distant cosmic disaster.

JOHN SIMON

THE HOLY FOOL

THE SCREEN

Right from the beginning about 40 years ago (with "Un Chien Andalou" and "L'Age d'Or") the appearance of a Luis Bunuel movie started arguments among critics and general moviegoers about interpretations and whether the film maker was a genius or a self-indulgent iconoclast. And anyone who read the reviews of Bunuel's film, "Belle de Jour," released here earlier this year, realizes that the arguments are still going on. No doubt Bunuel knows what he is doing: he wants to mystify and startle viewers. And in his cinema that is a mixture of poetry and realism with emphasis on the subconscious, he does. Whether or not you agree with his opinions and conclusions, including those directed against the Catholic Church, his compelling films make you think—and that's more than can be said about most movies these days. So if you want to be shaken out of your lethargy and take another stab at thinking (the kind of a stab inspired by "Viridiana" and "The Exterminating Angel"), go to "Nazarin," the Spanish-speaking picture (with English subtitles) made by Bunuel ten years ago in Mexico, which has at long last arrived on our screens.

"Nazarin" will no doubt stir up the rows about Bunuel's meanings and genius once more. Is it the director's intentions, in telling the story of the sufferings of a holy and humble priest, to show that even if Christ were to return to the earth today and follow his own teachings he would not be accepted by society or the Church? Or is Bunuel saying that we have wandered so far from true Christianity that we cannot accept the Christ of the Gospels today? In any case, although the screenplay by Bunuel and Julio Alejandro (stemming from a novel by Benito Perez Galdos) is rather loaded—and not on the side of the angels —"Nazarin" is an extremely moving film; and you keep hoping against hope that this good priest will succeed in his quest to win followers instead of being rejected and misunderstood again and again not only by the authorities and the Church but also by the poor and the lowly who are his main concern.

Nazarin the priest, expertly played by Francisco Rabal, lives in a slum house among beggars, thieves, prostitutes—most of whom mock him for his gentleness and deride him for his simplicity. "He thinks he pisses holy water," says a whore who would accept his charity. It is true that Nazarin is naive, and when out of the kindness of his heart he hides in his room a whore (Rita Macedo) who has killed another whore in a fight, he finds himself in trouble with the police and with the Church. (This is in 1900.) Donning peasant clothes, he runs away to go on a pilgrimage among the poor and working classes. But wherever he goes, his goodness and humility are misunderstood. When he joins a labor gang for food instead of pay, he starts a row with the other laborers who want money for wages. In one village, he insists he cannot perform miracles; the sick should go to doctors. In a plague-ridden town, a dying woman wants her lover not a priest. And later, when Nazarin is joined by the whore he helped and another woman who is fleeing from her brutal, horse-trader lover, the people as well as the police begin to suspect him of carry-on. Why wouldn't they? Didn't some object to Christ's accepting the friendship of Mary Magdalen? The cynical and the mean are

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AN APPEAL: Archbishop Adam Kozlowiecki, S. J., of Lusaka, Zambia, appeals for his African people "whose misery I *could* relieve had I only the means." He speaks of child victims of malnutrition, "who could be saved by a few medicines and some decent food." Readers should send contributions to: Archbishop of Lusaka, % Father John W. Lawlor, S. J., 2029 N. W. Hoyt Street, Portland, Oregon 97209.

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very much with us today—as well as the poor.

Gabriel Figueroa's black-and-white photography in "Nazarin" is stunning and has a quality of old prints that makes the fable itself all the more effective. At the end, when the military have captured Nazarin for harboring a murderer, the priest seems beaten and is very much alone as he's being dragged off to jail. When a peddler offers him a pineapple, the dejected man refuses, but then finally accepts her gift. Whether he wants it or not, he takes it to please her and accept her charity. Some viewers see this final scene as a symbol of Nazarin's becoming human, a man. But why not accept it as a sign of the priest's continued faith and belief in assisting one of God's creatures by allowing her charity? Bunuel may insist that he has freed himself from Catholicism. But maybe he protests too much in his movies. Perhaps the Bunuel who once said, "I do not believe, thank God," believes more than he knows. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

A revival and extension of the New Deal?

Toward a Democratic Left

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

Macmillan, $5.95

STAUGHTON LYND

The heart of Michael Harrington's new book is the argument, drawn largely from government statistics, that the profit motive is leading this society toward ultimate disaster both at home and abroad.

American policy-makers have assumed that small modifications of existing policy through trial and error were sufficient. Mr. Harrington condemns this "utopian pragmatism." Existing policy, while now employing Keynesian means, retains the Adam Smithian faith that the fundamental decisions about social and economic development should be made by businessmen. This means that existing policy subsidizes the real estate and automobile industries to "plan" our cities, subsidizes the military-industrial complex to create "full employment," and subsidizes the oil industry to "develop" the Third World.

The results, of course, are Orwellian. Housing is built for those who need it least (in 1962 federal subsidies for the richest fifth of the nation were double those for the poorest fifth); well-to-do farmers are aided, forcing poor farmers into the urban ghetto (between 1960 and 1965 the black teen-age population in the slums increased by more than fifty per cent); the nation spends more on war than on roads and more on roads than on poverty.

Harrington shows that the late Robert Kennedy's reform proposals, like other variants of existing policy, were utterly inadequate because in the last analysis they relied on the profit motive. Kennedy proposed tax incentives for private investors in central city housing which, according to Harrington, would have produced (a) housing for families with incomes between $4,000 and $6,000 rather than for families below the federally-defined poverty line of $3,200, and (b) 400,000 dwelling units in seven years in contrast to the 800,000 units needed *annually* according to the 1966 White House Conference on Civil Rights. Similarly, despite sharp criticism of certain counter-revolutionary aspects of the Alliance for Progress and other American "aid" programs, Robert Kennedy always assumed (so Harrington quotes a major 1966 speech) that "private industry is the primary source of capital in all the under-developed regions."

The consequences of existing American policy can be summarized as follows. In the United States, poverty—whether measured in terms of the distribution of income, the percentage of families in poverty, or the percentage of potential workers unemployed—remains essentially stationary, although increasingly galling to the poor because of rising expectations induced by government rhetoric.

In Asia, Africa and Latin America, the poor are getting poorer. The FAO reports that the developing lands are less well-nourished than before World War II; the UN World Economic Survey, "that the purchasing power of the Third World had declined while the net outflow of interest and profit from them to the wealthy powers—the tribute the poor pay to the rich—had increased by 10 per cent"; the UN Trade and Development Conference of 1964, "that between 1950 and 1962 the prices paid for the exports of the impoverished peoples went down by 7 per cent and the prices they paid for their imports from the industrialized countries went up by 27 per cent"; the New York *Times*, that in 1965 the Latin American societies were paying out as much money in interest and principal on past loans as they were receiving in new loans and grants (in other words, that new loans allegedly for "development" were actually being used to repay old loans); and so on. The contrast between stationary poverty in the United States and "increasing misery" in the Third World is explanation enough as to why the latter is the center of world revolutionary activity. On this point, Harrington notes, Lin Piao and Robert McNamara agree.

So, what is to be done? Here Mr. Harrington and I part company. Let it

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first be said, however, that to his credit Harrington makes his strategy clear; moreover, the strategy he advocates has been consistent for the last ten years. Those like myself who disagree with Harrington have an obligation to be as clear and as consistent as he.

Harrington wants a "coalition" of industrial workers, Negroes, the poor (who, he says, are too few and too heterogeneous to be an agency for social change unless allied with other groups) and the white-collar employees who now make up a majority of the labor force. This majority of the nation, in Harrington's scenario, can bring about a "realignment" of political forces, probably by excluding the Right from the Democratic Party, if necessary by creating a new party. Elected into power, it would proceed to wipe out domestic poverty by programs akin to A. Philip Randolph's "Freedom Budget" and to encourage real development in the Third World both by altering the international terms of trade (that is, the low prices paid developing countries for their exports and the high prices they must pay for manufactured imports) and by providing large sums of aid through international agencies.

Why is it that the New Left so passionately rejects, even derides, this apparently-attractive vision? The reasons are partly historical, partly analytical.

As to history, SNCC was disillusioned with exponents of Harrington's coalition strategy at the 1964 Democratic Convention, when the head of America's most progressive labor union, its principal advocate of nonviolence, a representative of the Democratic Party's liberal wing, and the man who at that time best represented a concern for both peace and racial justice (respectively Reuther, King, Rauh, Rustin), joined in urging the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party to accept the token seating of two at-large delegates.

SDS became disillusioned when, less than six months later, the Administration for whose election all these liberals had pleaded violated its campaign pledges by escalating the war in Vietnam, *and the liberals opposed the war less than wholeheartedly for fear of disrupting the coalition.* Not only this, some of them Red-baited the first mass protest against the escalation, the SDS-sponsored march on Washington in April 1965. So we dismissed these advocates of coalition, realignment and massive federal spending as "Social Democrats": that is, men who, like most European Socialists in 1914, were prepared to sacrifice their fellow men overseas for the sake of a mess of domestic pottage, who when push came to shove would "choose the West" rather than the desperate movements (Communist-led though they might be) which resisted the American colossus.

That controversy is past, and while I do not forget it I don't wish to revive it in the no-doubt overstated form it then assumed. For instance, I agree with Harrington (who also now makes his point more moderately than some of his friends did at the time) that the New Left has tended to be blind to the defects of Third World Communist-led resistance movements.

The debate over strategy needs to be restated in analytical, rather than *ad hominem*, terms. I can only begin to do this within the confines of a review which is already too long.

Domestically, Harrington's program represents a revival and extension of the New Deal. He denies this. For one thing he is a socialist, whereas in the 1930's "the point of federal reform and intervention was to get the old order working by providing it with a new, and more favorable, context." Yet since Harrington also states that the program recommended in this book is an intermediate non-socialist program intended "to make the system work again," his socialism is for all practical purposes merely rhetorical.

No doubt, the federal spending he advocates would be more directed to "public purposes" and less to underwriting corporate interests, than Federal spending in the 1950's and 1960's. But federal spending in the 1930's, with all its limitations, was also more oriented to public purposes than fed-

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eral spending in the years of the Cold War. His protests notwithstanding, I believe it is only to this New Deal orientation—directed to saving capitalism as a system, rather than to succoring particular business interests—that Harrington recalls us. We need, he says, a guaranteed annual income; we need more TVAs; we need an economic abundance which "would reduce, and even eliminate" racial antagonisms. And all this can happen "without

PAPERBACKS

I think the book with the most potential for fun and irony this spring was *Rebel Voices: An I.W.W. Anthology,* (Ann Arbor, $4.95) edited by Joyce L. Kornbluh. The year has come alive with the strident militancy that makes a mockery of the idea that the Wobblies are dead. Joe Hill is still alive and well in France and Morningside Heights. The book contains just about everything the Wobblies ever wrote worth preserving. It is more than historically instructive or good for warming old memories . . . Militancy being "in" these days, the unions have been taking a good, and deserved drubbing, for their lingering and far more than token discriminatory practices against black workers. The I.W.W. never had any race prejudice: Joe Hill was even jailed with a black cohort. Gompers and his successors have been less concerned with the problem. *The Negro and the American Labor Movement,* edited by Julius Jacobson (Doubleday Anchor, $1.75) should be required reading. . . . While we are on the topic, *The Black Worker* by Sterling D. Spero and Abram L. Harris has recently been re-issued by Atheneum ($3.95). A classic, invaluable history up to the 1930's. . . . Just as we have maintained a domestic caste system with respect to Afro-Americans, so have we tried to legislate international stagnation, trying on the one hand to uphold the credibility of our democratic ideology while on the other decrying wars of national liberation, declaring them illegitimate. Ronald Steel's exemplary book, *Pax Americana* (Viking, $1.85) documents this trend lucidly, calmly, devastatingly. . . . Robert Pranger's *The Eclipse of Citizenship* (Holt, Rinehart, $2.95) ought not to go unnoticed. The rage these days is participatory politics; Professor Pranger tries to delineate what this means within the context of a politics that is allegedly already participatory-minded. A fine book of democratic theory. . . .

Briefly noted: *Challenges and Renewals,* by Jacques Maritain (Meridian, $2.65). A book of selected readings, good introduction to this "most conspicuous figure." . . . *Modes of Thought,* by Alfred North Whitehead (Free Press, $1.95) Ponderous, though important examination of "ultimate notions." . . . *Beyond Culture,* by Lionel Trilling. Highbrow, extensive, witty and erudite. Naturally. (Viking, $1.65) . . . *Other Inquisitions* 1937-1952, by Jorge Luis Borges. A fantastically erudite, free-wheeling collection of essays (Clarion, $1.95) . . . *Pictures from an Institution,* by Randall Jarrell. One of our best novelists, one of his most humorous novels . . . Denis de Rougemont's *The Idea of Europe* is not the title of a book on untoward nerve, but a collection of essays on the meaning of a continent. Only de Rougemont would have thought of doing it. Grand Theory, Sweeping History. (Meridian, $3.25) . . . *The Banquet Years,* by Roger Shattuck (Vintage $2.45), is a careful work on the French underground from 1885 to the first World War.

New and noteworthy: STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS: Abraham J. Heschel, *Who is Man?* ($1.65); Allen S. Whiting, *Soviet Policies in China 1917-1924* ($2.95); Milorad M. Drachkovitch, editor, *The Revolutionary Internationals 1864-1943* ($2.95); Gordon Wright, *Rural Revolution in France: The Peasantry in the Twentieth Century* ($2.95); José Luis Romero, A History of Argentine Political Thought ($2.95). . . . GROVE PRESS: Mikhail Bulgakov, *The Fatal Eggs* ($2.95); George Andrews and Simon Vinkenoog, *The Book of Grass:* An Anthology of Indian Hemp ($1.25); Che Guevara Speaks ($.95).

JONATHAN EISEN

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changing the fundamental relationships of ownership in America."

Harrington's foreign program makes a similar assumption that America "is imperialist" but "need not be imperialist." In support of this premise, he twice cites Robert Heilbroner's comment that a nation with $1,300,000,000,000 in corporate assets could afford to sacrifice the $1,600,000,000 invested in Asia, Africa and Latin America without internal crisis. His position resembles that of Lincoln and others who, on the eve of Civil War, sought to persuade the governing class of the South that from a bookkeeping point of view it could make a painless transition to an economy based on free labor.

Harrington candidly recognizes that any hopeful program for a society so deeply entangled in wrong-doing as our own is, statistically speaking, a very long shot. I wish he were more ready to concede that his is not the only possible path out of the forest. A majority might form around resistance to government repression, as well as around advocacy of government spending. (The movement against the war in Vietnam can be viewed as a dress rehearsal for this broader resistance.)

Nor do I agree with Harrington that "the masses of Asia, Africa and Latin America will . . . not be able to save the people of America from themselves, and indeed the democratic Left must do much more for them than they can possibly do for it." This stubborn insistence that capitalist America can still be an agent for "doing global good" is the Harringtonian conception which alarms me most.

Lord Reading

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MAISIE WARD

Success stories can make dull reading, but not when they take as many strange twists as this one. Rufus Isaacs began his career as a ship's boy, got on the Stock Exchange at nineteen by declaring himself twenty-one, and was "hammered" at twenty-four for debts of £8,000 (which later he paid in full). About to start out for a new life in South America, he was pulled off the train and brought back by his brother as a result of his mother's hysterical weeping. He became the first Jew to hold the posts of Lord Chief Justice of England, Viceroy of India, High Commissioner and Special Ambassador to the United States. Made Privy Councillor, he was the first commoner since the Duke of Wellington to be raised to the rank of Marquess.

The upward turn in his fortunes began with the discovery of his great powers of advocacy. His father, almost in despair over his son's fortunes, at last made the experiment of placing him in a solicitor's office. Isaacs took to the law with immense enthusiasm, and was an instantaneous success at it. Reading the stories told and the quotations given by his biographer, one wonders why. There is no single brilliant retort of the kind we associate with Sir Edward Carson, Marshall Hall, F. E. Smith and other outstanding contemporaries. And some of his most spectacular cases Isaacs lost for his client, while gaining enormous prestige and floods of briefs for himself. The opposing barristers, the judge, and the observant solicitors noted his power of marshaling the facts with which he had loaded an absolutely spectacular memory. He had, too, we are told, a "suave and coaxing manner."

He became Queen's Counsel at the age of thirty-seven after only ten years at the Bar. Getting into Parliament, Rufus Isaacs was fortunate in his close friendships with Lloyd George and other leading liberals. By 1910 he was Solicitor General and seven months later Attorney General. And he was already Lord Chief Justice when what is still known as the Marconi Scandal threatened to wreck his meteoric career.

Quite early on Isaacs had represented *The Star* in an action brought against that newspaper by the brothers of the Colonial Secretary, Joseph Chamberlain, who had shares in the Birmingham Trust Company, ten per cent of whose capital was invested in another firm, Kynoch's, which had received preferential treatment in arms contracts with the British government. Questioned in the House of Commons Chamberlain had said "I have no interest, direct or indirect, in Kynoch's or in any other firm manufacturing ammunition or war materials." In court, Isaacs—"his voice" notes his biographer, "taking on an extra note of sternness"—had said "it is a thousand times to be regretted for the sake of the purity and honor of our national life that the statement made on August 8 has never been contradicted."

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THIS JULY 26 ISSUE does tell you something about *Commonweal*—its scope and general tone, a few of the subjects in which it is keenly interested, and various ways in which it provides insights on the political, cultural and religious issues of the day. But only by reading successive issues of *Commonweal* for a period of several months can you grasp the full force and unique flavor of this lay-edited, national journal of opinion.

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Years later, Rufus Isaacs came unpleasantly close to deserving a similar condemnation. The Government of which he was a member had accepted a tender from the British Marconi Company, of which his brother Godfrey was Managing Director, for the erection of a chain of wireless stations round the world. The Company's shares rose to twelve times their previous value. Rufus bought shares in the American Marconi Company, in which the British Company was a large shareholder; these, too, underwent something of a boom and he sold his holding at a solid profit.

Rumors spread that the contract with the British Company was a swindle on the public, worked by Rufus Isaacs for his brother's benefit. He stood up in Parliament and declared "Never from the beginning—have I had one single transaction with the shares of that company." He did not mention his dealings in American Marconis of any sort. What made it worse was that the truth emerged piecemeal, leaving a doubt whether all of it *had* emerged. The majority report of a Select Committee virtually exonerated him. And on a party vote Parliament accepted this. The Tories made little political capital out of the incident. To the comment "They were too stupid," Winston Churchill agreed, but he added "frankly some of them were too nice." It seems probable, too, that some of them feared a comparison with the Joseph Chamberlain affair which had in fact been worse.

Lloyd George had been implicated in the gamble and the failure to mention it in Parliament, but none of it prevented him from becoming Prime Minister or Isaacs from receiving a peerage shortly thereafter. And the First World War swept the scandal into oblivion.

The chief initial attack on ministerial honor had come from the Chester-Belloc paper, *The Eyewitness*, but where that paper was unfair was in its further insistence that Isaacs (and another minister, Herbert Samuel) had as Jews a divided allegiance and could not belong whole-heartedly to any other nation. Isaacs showed himself in the war deeply patriotic, did probably more than any-

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one to keep English finances from a total breakdown and achieved through Colonel House a better understanding with Woodrow Wilson than at first seemed possible. House liked and trusted him and House was close to the President. And when Zionism became a burning issue and Isaacs (now Lord Reading) was reproached for coolness towards it, he said "Here I am Ambassador, Lord Chief Justice, Peer, and I started from nothing. I owe it all to England. I am English. How can I help it if I do not care strongly about a national home for the Jews?"

An attractive feature in this curious man was his readiness to recall his small beginnings. Describing in old age his experiences as ship's boy, he spoke of a dream he had as the ship left India: " 'Good-bye Calcutta,' I in my dream said, 'Good-bye Calcutta: I shall return, but not on the forecastle's head.' "

REVIEWERS

STAUGHTON LYND *is the author of* Non-Violence in America.

MAISIE WARD *is the author of* Robert Browning and His World.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 483)

killed? If a judge should propose sterilization, an army of Monsignori would issue from the Chancery office to scream about her dignity, her rights. Are these same Monsignori prepared to assume responsibility for the children she may have in the future?

I know, there are laws to protect children. These laws did not save her daughter. They do not save an army of tragic little victims who every year are murdered or maimed by psychotic or deranged parents. Since these parents are seldom confined for life, what is to stop them from repeating the cycle?

Concepts of responsible parenthood can only be grasped and implemented by people with emotional and mental wherewithal to understand the awesomeness of giving life. Where these elements are lacking, irresponsible and indiscriminate breeding has tragic results for the offspring. We hear a good deal nowadays about what the young owe society. There are plenty of aging men eager to assure young men that they have a sacred duty to offer their lives in order to settle a dispute that began in the time of their grandfathers. What about the debt society owes to the young? None of the children to whom we have given life is here by his own choice—only by ours. The debt, then, is ours. Parents who bring children into the world and the society which permits them to be born owe, at the very least, a life worth living—not deprivation and misery. Someone has to bear this responsibility. Someone has to ask the question, hard though it may be: Do people have the right to give life which they cannot sustain? If the answer is no, the next question is what alternatives are open to society to prevent this horrible perversion and waste of life.

In all discussions of this kind, the question is raised as to who has the right to decide who shall and shall not bear children? I confess, there is no ready answer. But the lack of an apparent answer does not eliminate the other questions I have raised.

PATRICIA YOUNG

Biafra Relief

Chesterfield, N. H.

To the Editors: I recently wrote to thank you for the articles you published about the Nigeria-Biafra conflict, and asking your readers to contribute to the refugee program which is being set up by the National Council of Churches and the International Red Cross in both Nigeria and Biafra. I now wish to add that contributions may also be made to Catholic Relief Services, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York.

The human cost of this war is very great, and the conflict is far from over. During the past few months, with federal troops surrounding Biafra and with refugees pouring into the center from federally-occupied areas, there has been terrible suffering for the civilian population. According to recently-returned missionaries, there is a widespread shortage of food, and medical supplies are not available. Even in the unlikely event that a peace settlement is soon agreed upon, there will remain the considerable problem of resettling and finding jobs for the huge number of refugees whose homes and means of livelihood have been lost. Without jobs, boys who have been trained to fight may turn to looting. The industries are, of course, more or less defunct. MARY M. CLARK

African Emergency Relief Organization

Father David P. O'Neill, author of *The Priest in Crisis, About Loving* and *Priestly Celibacy and Maturity,* will arrive in the United States in early August. He will be available for lectures and seminars. Interested groups please contact PFLAUM PRESS, 38 W. Fifth Street, Dayton, Ohio 45402.

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